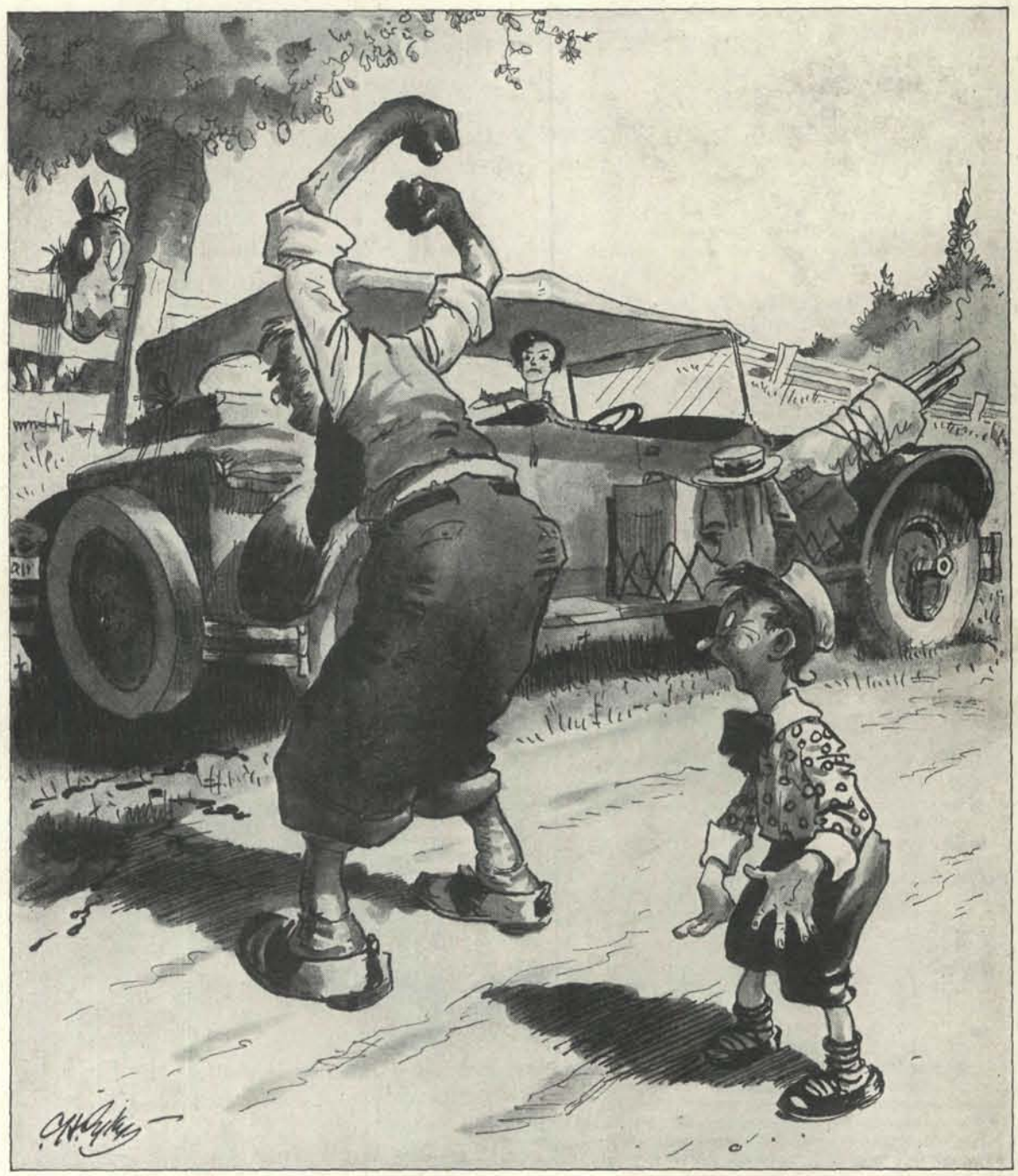
July 1930.

WOULD YOU SPOIL your vacation FOR THREE AND A HALF?

That's about all it costs to have your gears flushed and refilled with Whiz . . . And it may save you a costly breakdown far from home.



OFF for a glorious summer trip. Tires, brakes, engine . . . all checked up. Car freshly greased . . . oil newly changed. All set. But WAIT! *What about your transmission and differential?*

Every mile you reel off over country roads, on hot days, will take you further from the

familiar home service station. And that old grease that's been in your gears for months will be getting thin—dangerously thin—too thin to lubricate as it should.

A gear breakdown will take the joy out of the happiest two weeks of the year. It will mean expense—delay—spoil your holiday. With Whiz in your gears you can be free from care.

Whiz . . . the lubricant made especially for gears

Now—before you start on your trip—have that old grease flushed out. It's dead anyway, loaded with abrasive sediment. Replace it with smooth, safe Whiz for the gears.

Drive in where you see the blue and yellow Whiz Gear Lubrication sign. Drive out again in a few minutes with a new feeling of comfort and security in knowing your car is *really* all set for the big trip.

WHIZ

FOR THE GEARS

Whiz for the gears contains no rosin, tar, pitch or other adulterants used in cheap gear greases. Whiz retains its "body," follows the gears, keeps them cushioned, even on the hottest day. Stick to Whiz and have your gears flushed and refilled every 5,000 miles. The R. M. Hollingshead Co., Camden, N. J.—Toronto, Ont.

Y 5, 1930

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

MORE than two hundred short stories come to us every day, which is why our eyes have that watery look. Reading our way through them a few weeks ago we came to one called "Allez-Oop," the story of two acrobats, man and wife, and their efforts to use their peculiar talents in advertising work. We were fascinated by the atmosphere and the lingo.

"The man who wrote this knows show people," we mumbled. Looking at the first page again we saw that his name was Cecil Lean. The only Cecil Lean we have heard of is the famous musical comedy star—we saw him in *The Blue Paradise*, *The Blushing Bride*, *No, No, Nanette*. We've seen him for years. If it's *that* Cecil Lean, we thought. . . .

Well, it *is* the same person. We telephoned him to find out how long this had been going on. He writes stories in his spare time, it seems, and we hope he has lots of it.

Mr. Lean, by the way, confesses that he started his professional career as a boy soprano in Detroit. We've often wondered what became of boy sopranos.

—

WARDEN LAWES of Sing Sing is with us again with an article called "Who's Afraid of the Chair?" He relates some of his experiences with occupants of the death house. You will remember them all and probably include them in your own repertoire of after-dinner stories.

Duty has compelled Mr. Lawes to superintend the execution of one hundred and twenty-nine men and one woman. He does not remember one who showed any fear of the chair until the day of death was at hand. He is convinced that capital punishment is useless and senseless and you would be also, we think, with his opportunities for observation.

ON REREADING Ruth Burr Sanborn's story "The Whole Truth" we conclude that one of the very best scenes for a love story is an orange marmalade factory. It provides the industrial background which facilitates the hero's rise to success. The heroine can also have a job there because she is supporting an indigent father, and the fragrance of oranges and sugar is every bit as effective as soft music. The story becomes, in Miss Sanborn's skillful hands, precisely the thing for a July evening.

—

HOWARD KNOWLES is forty-five years old and thirty inches high. He has to live in a world in which all the modern conveniences are very, very inconvenient. Beds, chairs, revolving doors, washstands, push-buttons and everything else were made for larger persons. He is in a bad fix, we'd say, but not to hear him tell about it. His story, "Happy Half-Pint," is an unusual and interesting document.

—

DON'T miss Frank Condon's short story, "Some Do and Some Don't," Winston Churchill's article, the serials by Mr. Kahler and Mr. Vance, stories by Don Marquis and James F. Dwyer, nor anything else in what is, we admit it reluctantly, a splendid issue.

THIS WEEK

July 5, 1930

Cover—Jay Hyde Barnum

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SIR HENRI TAKES US APART: A great Dutchman's ideas. They're exciting.

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Page 10—Richard Connell

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BOTH WERE YOUNG Part IX: And one was beautiful.

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Page 16—Louis Joseph Vance

SPEAKING OF WOMEN Part VII: A "catalyzer of calamity" in action.

Page 18—Alexander Williams

THEY THINK THEY'RE HAPPY: But they can't fool Jeff's brother, and he tells you about it.

Page 20—Alan LeMay

TRAIL DRIVER'S LUCK: Rebellion and romance on the Mexican border.

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BETTER THAN A HORSESHOE: A guardian angel—disguised.

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BEATING TIME: And running the youngsters ragged.

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JACK OF PARTS: Mr. Oakie crashes the talkies.

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WINE, WOMEN AND VOTES: Political chivalry.

Page 38—Word Hunt

STRAIGHT ON THROUGH THE VERBIAGE!

Page 42—Milton C. Work

How WOULD YOU PLAY IT? What the post mortem showed.

Page 58—Editorial

JAIL FOR THE OTHER FELLOW

Any Week

MR. GIL RANKIN, editor of the Bulletin, published by the inmates of the California State Prison at San Quentin, objects when anyone mourns the narrowness of the convict's social road.

"We encounter here in San Quentin," writes Mr. Rankin, "policemen who arrested us, men who prosecuted us, lawyers who failed in our defense, men for whom we voted and against whom we voted, men who doctored us, men who preached to us, men who employed us and men we employed.

"We have met here the man who used to indorse our notes at the bank; and over in the female ward, where, unfortunately, we cannot chat with her, is our one-time favorite switchboard operator, whose silvery voice used to tickle our eardrums."

—

UNCLE HENRY, sitting beside us as we read Mr. Rankin aloud, coughed gently.

"Well, sir," said he, "that clears things up a bit. The only difference between Mr. Rankin and some editors I know is that the latter can put on their hats and go out."

AFTER which we opened a letter from the Eastern Penitentiary in Philadelphia. Mr. Bill Crawless of those famous dungeons advises us therein that he has just finished reading a short story (he doesn't name it nor its author) wherein the hero, a thoroughgoing burglar, is halted in his pillage of a house by a baby's cry and its mother's reassuring call.

"Not so hot," writes Mr. Crawless. "In the first place, that burglar beat it because no guy with brains is going to stick around if the family wakes up. He doesn't quit because his heart is touched with love for the kid. He quits because he is going to be caught if he sticks around. The next noise out of Mother is not going to be a reassuring word to the kid but an ear-splitting yell for the cops. Also, burglars aren't sentimental. I know a guy who was driven out of his flat because all three of his kids used to open up together. Walking the streets was better than laying awake all night listening to that. And as he had to do something while walking the streets he turned off a hock shop and touched off the burglar alarm. He's here now."

Even if Collier's didn't publish that story, Mr. Crawless, we enjoyed your letter.

—

WITH disconcerting emphasis Mr. Joseph Reed of Milwaukee objects to Walter Davenport's "The Making of a Gunman" wherein it was charged that the ignorance and politics of our minor courts lend an entirely unnecessary amount of encouragement to young men with criminal tendencies—encouragement to repeat their misdeeds.

"I'll tell you what is making criminals," chides Mr. Reed. "Firstly, it's the public school system, organized and administered exactly like a gangland organization and children get twelve years of intellectual racketeering before they racketeer for a living.

"Then—"

But no—we haven't the space. However, we quit even with Mr. Reed because we don't agree with *him*.

Volume 86, Number 1. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Springfield, Ohio, under the Act of March 3, 1879, and at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by P. F. Collier & Son Company, Springfield, Ohio.

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Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Thomas H. Beck, President; George J. Kennedy, Vice President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; Albert E. Winger, Treasurer. $2 a year United States and Canada. $4 a year foreign countries. Manuscripts submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by sufficient postage for their return if found unavailable. The publisher can accept no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts.

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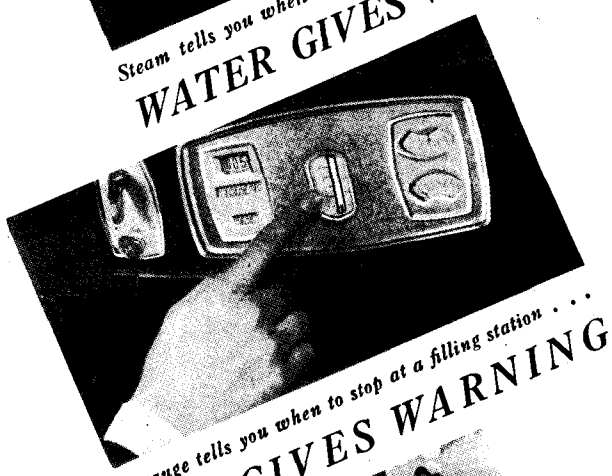
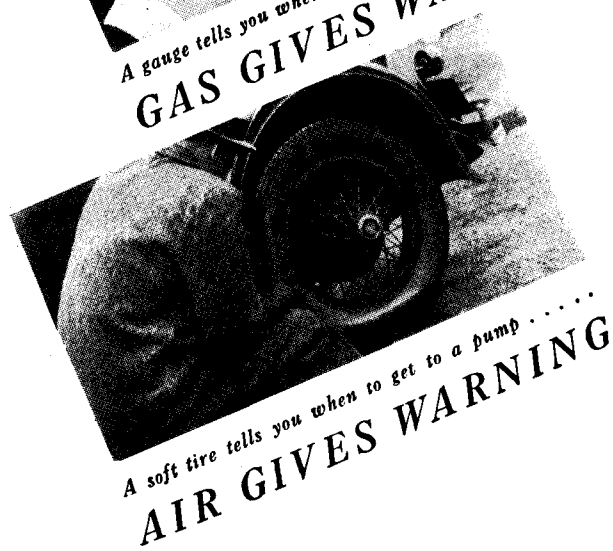
Steam tells you when to fill your radiator . . . . . .

WATER GIVES WARNING



A gauge tells you when to stop at a filling station . . .

GAS GIVES WARNING



A soft tire tells you when to get to a pump . . . . .

AIR GIVES WARNING

..bad oil gives no warning

Today the makers of good automobiles realize the importance of protecting their fine engines with oil filters

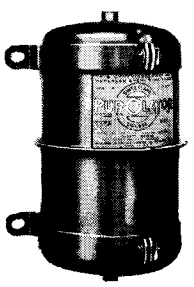
DIRTY water does little damage to the radiator of your car . . . dirt in the gas can only clog temporarily . . . but dirty lubricating oil is a menace to every moving part of your motor.

You never know when dirty oil will give you trouble. There is no warning. The first sign of its presence is a complete breakdown . . . scored cylinder walls . . . burned bearings . . . worn pistons or valves or gears.

You may buy the finest grade of oil . . . strain it carefully when you fill up . . . but it won't continue to give you the proper sort of lubrication *unless it stays clean.*

In this day and age of motor refinement cars should be equipped with every device that makes for perfect performance . . . and one of the most important of these is an efficient oil filter.

The Purolator Oil Filter has proved its efficiency to millions of motorists.



It intercepts the oil as it circulates through the lubricating system, and filters it. Removes the grit and the road dust and hard carbon deposits and metal particles—then sends it on its way, clean and purified.

The Purolator adds immeasurably to the smooth, sweet, quiet performance of your engine—adds thousands of miles to its life and increases the trade-in value of your car. The Purolator requires no care. It operates perfectly until it has caught and stored away from the moving parts of your engine all of the dirt and grit that it will hold. This usually happens after about 8000 miles—and to put it back in operation requires only a few minutes.

Your garage man simply removes the old metal housing and inserts a new metal cartridge and your car rolls away for another 8000 miles of smooth running—another 8000 miles of motor insurance.

Just ask your garage man about the Purolator. He'll tell you that every good engine *deserves* this protection. His job is to keep your car on the road—*and he knows.* Motor Improvements, Inc., 354 Frelinghuysen Avenue, Newark, N. J.

PUROLATOR

THE OIL FILTER ON YOUR MOTOR CAR

LICENSED UNDER SWEETLAND PATENTS

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An improved, more automatic Mimeograph is today at your service. The new model achieves high speed with perfect registration. Clever redesigning has made *one unit* of the stand and mechanism, entailing many handy betterments. The new automatic feed, with self-leveling table, takes a full ream of impression paper at one time. Simplified operating controls! New type of receiving tray! A truly remarkable Mimeograph, for the better duplication of all kinds of form letters, bulletins, charts, etc., at small cost. Get particulars from A. B. Dick Company, Chicago, or in principal cities.

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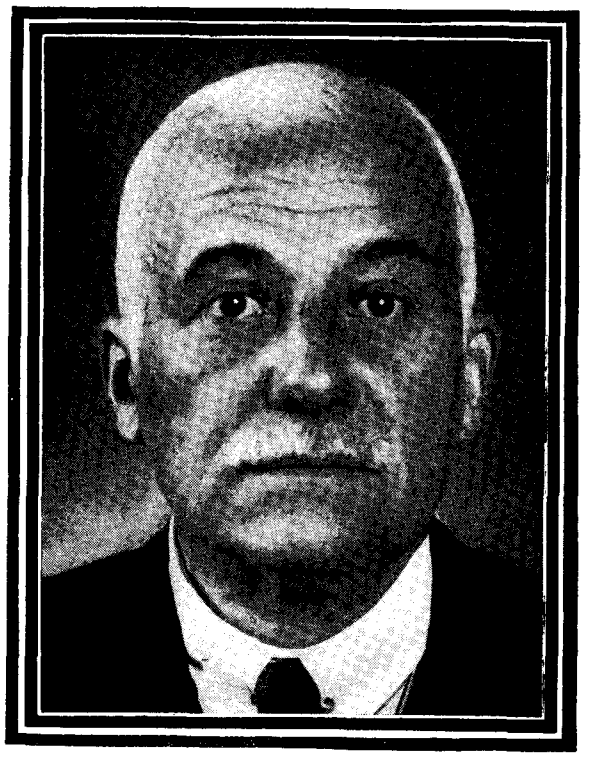
Sir Henri takes us Apart

One of the biggest business men operating in America is a Dutchman, living in London, bearing a British title. He is Sir Henri Deterding, largest producer of oil in the wide world, where he has lifted the crown from the Rockefeller brow. Now he menaces the Rockefeller supremacy in the United States. Here he talks of oil and machines, trusts and immigration, health, homes and women; of yesterday, today and tomorrow. But chiefly tomorrow. Like his oil fields, he covers the world in one of the most fascinating interviews you've ever read

By John T. Flynn



Wide World

Sir Henri Wilhelm August Deterding, K. B. E.

THE biggest producer of oil in the United States is the Standard Oil Company of **California.**

The second largest is the Texas Company. And which do you suppose is the third largest? You would never guess.

Well, it is the N. V. Koninklijke Nederlandsche Maatschappij Tot Exploitatie Van Petroleumbronnen in Nederlandsch-Indie.

Ever hear of it? Well, it is not only the third largest producer in the United States, but it is the largest in the world. Perhaps you will recognize it better as the Royal Dutch Petroleum Company. And in America, of course, its operations are better known through the Shell Union Oil Corporation. Oh, yes! The one with all the yellow and red gasoline stations.

It is of interest to us here chiefly because of the man who presides over it—the man who today occupies the position of world preëminence in oil once held by John D. Rockefeller. He is Sir Henri Wilhelm August Deterding—the Dutch oil king who has the rank of knight, bestowed by King George V of England, but who is a loyal subject of Wilhelmina, Queen of the Netherlands.

Recently I talked with Sir Henri Deterding for several hours and the talk ran over a whole range of subjects—oil, trusts, unemployment, labor, prohibition, Russia and feminism. And on all of them I found he had not merely opinions but strong convictions. For instance, of prohibition he said:

"The trouble with the workingman in England is not the amount of liquor he drinks, but the bad quality of it. Liquor production should be a monopoly—state or otherwise—and the most drastic regulations should be made to insure no liquor being drunk but good liquor."

About the Communist riots in New York:

"I would give your Communists no quarter. I believe in free speech but not for these Communists. They are not men seeking to express their views. They are in the pay of Russia to foment trouble. They meet to demonstrate against unemployment. But they are not unemployed. They are all working—working for Russia for so much a week. If the Soviet government and its foreign pay roll were to collapse, your New York Communists would be out of work the next day. Then you would have no more Communists."

Deterding is a Dutchman, but he lives in London. His company, which is frequently charged with being an agent of the British government, is in fact a Dutch corporation, run by Dutchmen and owned largely by Dutch capital.

The genesis of the Royal Dutch Company and of Deterding is one of the romances of petroleum. He was born in Amsterdam sixty-four years ago of a family of modest means. After a limited schooling he was shipped to Batavia, the chief city of Java in the Dutch Indies, as a bank clerk. There he fell under the eye of J. August Kessler, head of a small oil company formed with $500,000 capital to work the petroleum deposits of the Netherland-Indies. This was the company with the long Dutch

Always an ardent huntsman, Sir Henri spends at least forty-five minutes each morning atop his favorite mount

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A brisk run follows Sir Henri's daily plunge in this pool on his English estate. He is a devotee of winter swimming

name which I have already quoted—the Royal Dutch.

Kessler took him from the bank as his assistant. Within five years, when Kessler died, the young assistant became managing director. The world history of the Royal Dutch begins at this point.

It developed large oil resources but lacked adequate transport. In 1902 Deterding made an alliance with the Shell Transport and Trading Company, originally a transport company, but then the chief oil concern of England. In 1907 these two companies combined.

There are three main operating companies—the Batavia Petroleum Company, the Anglo-Saxon Petroleum Company, Ltd., and the Asiatic Petroleum Company. The Royal Dutch is merely a holding company. It owns sixty per cent of the stock of the three operating companies. The Shell Company, likewise a holding company, owns forty per cent of the stock.

A Vast Industrial Empire

The Shell Company is an English concern. The Royal Dutch is Dutch. The latter owns the absolute control of the combination and over it all sits Deterding, ruling an industrial empire that reaches to every continent—oil fields in Sumatra, Borneo, Java and other Dutch Indian countries, Sarawak, Egypt, Roumania, Mexico, Venezuela, Trinidad, Argentina and the United States. Thirty refineries scattered over the globe with a daily capacity of 635,000 barrels, thousands of miles of pipe line, tanks, tank steamers in a vast fleet of a million and a half tons. In the United States the interests of the group are represented by the Shell Union Oil Corporation and the Asiatic Petroleum Company. These companies own wells in California and the mid-continent fields. They operate refineries with a capacity of 240,000 barrels of crude oil a day and have assets of $550,000,000. And they are growing larger every week. The Shell is one of the two or three large refiners operating sales outlets in every part of the United States.

Here, then, in Deterding we have a world citizen who has large enough interests in America to scrutinize it closely, but who sits as a rule far enough away to get a broad view of our whole scene.

"In America," he said, "you have the doctrine of high wages. That is an excellent thing. High wages are something we should all strive for. But like every other good thing in life they must be paid for. And you do not seem to be willing to pay—to take the consequences.

"You have tried to raise wages by artificially dealing with the labor supply. You have tried to make labor scarce, and therefore high. You have done this by means of the immigration law, which keeps European labor out of your country. But you have had to supplement the process with the machine. For you cannot have high wages without reducing production costs in other ways. This means the machine; and in its turn mass production.

"Mass production means the recurrence of periods of overproduction and hence unemployment. You have overproduction because your whole vast industrial organization is so immense that, unless it is controlled by some central force, it gets out of hand. You cannot curtail production, therefore, through central control because of your anti-trust laws, and you produce a surplus because your markets are not sufficiently large to absorb all that you make.

"You must have more markets. But where will you get them? You think you can build them up abroad. You already have a big market abroad. But can you build it sufficiently big to take care of this great surplus which you produce? You will find you cannot. Foreign markets are not so profitable for your producers. The most profitable market is at home. Do not expect to find all those new customers you need in Europe. And that is what you need—more new customers.

"Now I know Americans are very well pleased with their immigration laws. You point with pride to the manner in which you have cut off the supply of cheap labor from Europe. And yet I think you will do very well to look this matter over again. You imagine you are shutting out competitors of your laborers. But remember an immigrant is not only a worker; he is also a consumer.

"When he arrives here he begins very soon to buy things. He buys clothes and shoes and food at once for himself and his whole family and these purchases make business for your merchants and the producers of those articles and their workers and they, in their turn, can buy automobiles and phonographs and washing machines, and what not."

"But, Sir Henri," I suggested, "suppose we had not shut off immigration. Suppose Europe had been pouring her laborers into our factories and shops and fields during these last ten years—several millions of them. How many more workers would we have out of employment now?"

"Ah," he replied, warming with zest to the prospect of an argument. "You are now overlooking some very essential points. You thought you could keep him out of your factories by keeping him out of your country; that if he were in America now he would be swelling the tide of unemployment. Have you stopped to think that he may be helping to increase the number of your unemployed just as effectually as if he were in your country?

"Now just look at the picture frankly. You shut your door on the immigrant. He remains in Europe. He cannot come into your factories, but your factories can go to him. See how immutable the laws of trade are. You want to get rid of the immigrant as a laborer, but you want to keep him as a customer. You want to manufacture goods here and sell them to him in his own land. But it doesn't work out that way. There are too many other factors in the problem. One of them is the tariff.

American Factories in Europe

"You have taught the European producer how to use the tariff. So now he is experimenting with it—adding little tricks of his own. You will let in only a small number of Czechoslovakian laborers? Very well, Czechoslovakia will let in only a small number of your automobiles. In other words, all the European countries are building walls around their countries. The American manufacturer cannot lift the goods your laborers produce over those walls, particularly the goods manufactured in your high-grade factories in America. But there is nothing to prevent this American manufacturer from building his factory inside those walls.

"The result is that all over Europe you see American factories—hundreds of them. And who is working in them? Why, those very European laborers you thought you could keep out of your factories!

"See what you have done. You thought you would get rid of Europe's workers as laborers and hold them as customers. You have accomplished precisely the opposite result. You have gotten rid of them as customers and have them as laborers. They are working in your factories abroad and when pay day comes they spend their wages in the stores of European, not American, merchants.

"But this is not the only thing you do to curtail your home markets. I know you are doing much to stimulate your home consumption of certain things by your aggressive advertising and promotion. But at the same time you neutralize much of this by your ways of life. For instance, I am sorry to see the steady rise of the flat or apartment in America instead of individual homes."

I told Sir Henri that last year for the first time in our history we had built more apartment dwellings in this country than unit homes.

"That is bad," he said. "The home is a more wholesome social institution than the flat. Remember, too, a flat does not consume as much as a home. A home uses more furniture, more light, more rugs and linen. It requires more attention and calls for the purchases of many little things—things which give the home owner infinite pleasure but which also bring business to the merchant and producer. And so at a time when your need is more customers—when you are advertising and conferring almost frantically to get more—you artificially reduce the number by immigration restrictions and then by your mode of life curtail the purchasing energy of those that remain."

"Well," I put in, "there may be some truth in the fact that the flat is a poorer customer than the home, but are there not other considerations which may outweigh business in importance in many minds? Take our women, for instance. They are interested now in taking an

(Continued on page 41)

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Simon Pure

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By J. P. Marquand

Of course it was like all small-time amateurs, a slugging match and nothing more, because Leo was not scientific then, nor worried about his looks

Illustrated by Lloyd Wright

BEFORE he got in the big time did you ever know that Leo, "Battling Leo" himself, fought in the Probity A. A. Amateur down at City Hall? Well, he did. He was only a soda clerk in Green's drug store then —and he had illusions, too. Knowing his bickerings now for motion picture rights and gate receipts, it is strange to think that a pure ideal was all that made him start to fight. Yet so it was; for you must start some place some time.

When Leo spit his front teeth out that night they were each like a tender thought devoid of financial gain. When Leo's nose was plastered in the second bout, it was like the illustration of a prayer that Milly Doane's vague wish might be resolved to truth—and Milly was only a high school girl, but she was the Lily Maid of Astolat that night, as she sat in the rear of City Hall and chewed her gum with a smooth, quick-working jaw.

When Leo got up in the third bout after Sweetheart Murphy had slapped him down, there was one thing only that made him rise.

"Cripes!" said Benny Leiboltz, who sponged off Leo's face. "Why don't you stay down? Ain't you had enough?"

But what did Benny Leiboltz know of higher things?

"No," said Leo, and his voice was strong, "because I wanna win the watch! I gotta cop it—see?"

"Cripes!" said Benny. "They'll only hand you twenty dollars for the watch —and I wouldn't take half a grand for what you're gettin' now!"

Who would not have said that Leo was a lucky boy, in those young days, when Milly Doane smiled upon him with her Mona Lisa smile? It was not her fault that she had a face to launch a featherweight, but so she had that day, when she made her wish to Leo before the onyx soda fountain in the drug store's antiseptic calm. She made her wish in a lazy voice, for Milly knew already that she could get things when she sighed and shook her head.

Behind Leo in his tight white coat there was a sign that day, pasted on the mirror beside the soda menu. "Amateur Boxing Carnival," it read, "The Probity A. A.," and Milly Doane stared at it dreamily.

"Gee!" she said. "I wish some boy of mine was fighting for a prize. But none of my boys would do a thing like that for me."

"Oh, all right," Leo said. "All right, I'll cop that prize."

"Aw!" said Milly. "You? You couldn't win a prize."

And that made Leo mad. Just one look at Milly filled him with a madness that was beautiful—sublime.

"Yeh?" said Leo. "Well, you wait and see."

Though Leo's legs were spindling, and though Leo's chest was narrow, Leo's heart was right.

"Yeh," said Leo to himself, "I'll just ask Benny Leiboltz what about this prize."

Benny Leiboltz beyond a doubt was the boy who knew the ropes. When he happened in just then, it was destiny, or call it what you will. As Benny looked upon the sign on the soda fountain mirror his features wrinkled into a weary sneer.

"Amateur night for the suckers," Benny Leiboltz said. "They give you a watch for a prize—see? You take the watch and then they pass you twenty bucks and you give back the watch. See, sweetheart? Because you stay an amateur, and even suckers don't fight for no tin watch."

"I wouldn't want the money," Leo said. "I'd want the watch. That's all."

"Are you cuckoo, dearie?" Benny said. "Boxing is for naughty boys."

"LISTEN," Leo answered softly, "I can fight as good as any of 'em— and I know what you're here for—and this will be a soft-drink stand for you, unless you get me in and handle me at the amateurs tomorrow night."

"Kid," said Benny Leiboltz, "do you wanna be a bum like me? There's nothin' in it. I know. There's nothin' in it —see?"

"I don't care," said Leo, "I wanna cop that watch."

Of course it was like all small-time amateurs, a slugging match and nothing more, because Leo was not scientific then, nor worried about his looks—the night he knocked out Sweetheart Murphy down in City Hall.

"Boy," they told him, when it was all over, "you're a ham, but you got guts."

But Leo did not answer, because he knew he had. He was staring at a new face through his fast-closing eyes—the face of Mr. Murphy, who ran the show.

"Gimme the watch," said Leo. "I won it, didn't I?"

Mr. Murphy groped in his side pocket, and there the watch was in his hand. Now that Leo saw the prize it was not much to look at, nothing but a heavy watch with a worn, scratched case.

"Take it, kid," said Mr. Murphy. "Everything is straight and clean. No money for amateurs, you understand. Everything is Simon pure. You hold out your mitt."

And then a thrill ran through Leo now that he grasped the prize She had asked for it, and there it was, heavy in his hand.

But Mr. Murphy was not finished yet.

"Give it back," he said, handing Leo a bill. "Here, kid. Here's the cash."

"No," said Leo, "I don't want the money. All I want's the watch."

"Listen, kid," said Mr. Murphy patiently, "it's all right—see? I buy it— see? You take the money—I take back the watch. This watch—the management has been using it three seasons. Nobody wins the watch. Now hand it over quick. I gotta use it for the heavyweights upstairs."

"HEY?" cried Leo, and he snatched up his coat. "Nobody wins the watch? Well, here's a guy who does."

"Hey," cried Mr. Murphy. "Has the boy gone mad? He's running off with that damn' tin watch."

Back in her seat in the hall upstairs Milly Doane looked up and frowned. Leo was standing before her.

"Here," said Leo, "here's the prize."

"Say," cried Milly, "was that all you got—that thing? Say, ain't you an awful sight? Take it away! What should I want with that?"

Leo took it back, and as he did so he seemed different, no longer the boy who mixed the drinks at Green's, but suddenly calm and sure.

"Hey, Mr. Murphy," he yelled, "gimme the twenty dollars. I guess I changed my mind."

Then he walked back to the hall upstairs, his hands deep in his pockets, with expanded chest.

"Leo," called Milly, and Milly was surprised. "Leo, where're you going?"

"Nix," said Leo. "Nix. I'm on my way."

For a curious thing had happened. Now that the watch was gone, the power of Milly Doane was gone with it —and Leo was professional and free.

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A Waiter in Tony's

By Richard Connell

Illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg

"Steve, you promised everything would be fifty-fifty between us. You've got to tell me." She began to sniffle a little

If romance were a snake, the hero of this story would have been bitten to death —and never found it out

MY NAME is William Boles, and I am a white male, thirty-nine years of age, married, two children, and residing at No. 5978 Strauss Street, Brooklyn, and employed as a waiter in the Mid-City Motorists' and Poloists' Association, Inc., which is generally called "Tony's." It is a very high-class place and is patronized by ladies and gentlemen who are big shots in society, Wall Street, and on the stage. It is open from noon until one A. M., and is quiet and refined at all times, as the gentleman who owns the place, Mr. Antonio Pestalozzi, will not stand for rowdyism, boisterous talk, objectionable conduct or any unrefinement in any way, shape or form.

We serve a one-dollar-fifty luncheon, a two-dollar-seventy-five dinner and refreshments at all hours, and I am on the go a long period each day, but am not complaining as the remuneration is good and the tips, especially late at night, are often of generous proportions.

I want it to be strictly understood that I am not a writer, although I do take an interest in literary matters, as I am corresponding secretary of the Men's Study Club of our church in Flatbush, a lay-reader, and at present Sir Esteemed Knight-Treasurer of our chapter of the Loyal Order of Potent Knights of the White Ribbon.

I am only writing this to oblige a patron, a gentleman named Mr. Westmore Clifton, who tells me he is a well-known author, and who comes in here nearly every day for luncheon or dinner or refreshments before and after the theater. He is a very cultured gentleman and a liberal spender, and one night, just before closing time, he showed me a picture of himself, wife and kiddies on the porch of their estate up near Tarrytown, with a lot of spaniel dogs around them, so I guess there must be good money in the writing game once you get the knack of it. I think I may take it up some day. The work is not as steady as a waiter's, Mr. Clifton tells me, but it does not keep you on your feet all day. When Mr. Clifton works I do not know, as he often sits in here all afternoon talking with me, or Mr. Pestalozzi, or Joe or some young lady he has brought with him. One afternoon last week—it must have been Thursday as steak-and-kidney pie was the specialty that day—he was the only patron left in the place, and he fell into a conversation with me about one thing and another.

"WILLIAM," he said to me, "I envy you in some respects as your work in an establishment of this sort must bring you in close contact with some splendid raw material."

I said:

"That is not the case, Mr. Clifton, as I have nothing at all to do with what goes on in the kitchen."

He laughed and said:

"I mean the raw material for stories. You must see all sorts of little comedies and tragedies enacted here."

I said:

"I have not witnessed anything of that nature, Mr. Clifton, as Mr. Pestalozzi is very strict about preserving the high-toned atmosphere of this institution, and if anybody tried to enact a comedy or tragedy here, Mr. Pestalozzi would have Joe politely throw them out."

"But," said Mr. Clifton, "I venture to say that in the course of your work you must overhear some interesting conversations."

"Mr. Clifton," I said, "I am not a snooper. But," I said, "on the other hand, people should not get the idea that a waiter is a dummy just because it is his job to stand around and look like one while they are eating and talking. However, I have not much time to listen, as my six tables keep me on the jump, and besides and moreover, Mr. Clifton, when a man has been a waiter for twenty-one years this October, as I have been, he has heard just about everything, anyhow, and so he lets the conversation of his clients go in one ear and out of the other without stopping, as otherwise he would contract a severe earache, because most people only talk about how much they made or lost in Wall Street last week, anyhow; or else maybe a man says to a girl 'Tell me, why are you unhappy?' and she tells him it is because nobody understands her. So, naturally, after the first five years of waiting, I gave up listening any more as I was sick and tired of it, the way you would be if you had to go to the same show fifteen hundred nights in succession.

"People," I said, "are all about the same, anyhow; although, of course, our patrons are more respectable than most, and they are all well fixed financially, or else they could not pay the prices we charge, so I guess they live along pretty smoothly and have a good time and do not have much to worry about the way I had nine years ago during the waiters' strike, which started just after my second little girl was born, and she would not have had enough pasteurized milk if I had not pawned my uniform as Sir Valiant Knight-Guard of the Portal, which was my office in those days. It was very humiliating for me, Mr. Clifton, to have to stand at the portal asking for the password in an ordinary blue serge suit."

MR. CLIFTON said that he could see how it would be, and then he said:

"Will you do me a favor, William, and some day, say this Saturday, jot down some of the things you hear? Just scraps of conversation, you know, no matter how dull they are. I do not want to know any names, of course, and if I can use any of the stuff, I promise that nobody will know how I got it. If you will do this for me, I'll make it worth your while."

I said:

"I will do my best to accommodate you, Mr. Clifton, as it is one of the rules here that we must do anything we can to oblige a patron, within reason; but I warn you that I will not be able to write down anything of interest or anything that you do not know already. I am sure that a smart gentleman like you can make up much better conversations than any that people actually say.

"As for remuneration," I said, "of course I cannot refuse to take it if you insist, especially as at the next meeting of the Knights I am very likely going to be elected to a higher rank than I now enjoy, and will have to purchase a new uniform, which will run into

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money; but I am an honest man, Mr. Clifton, with scruples, and I think I will have to refuse any honorarium, as our ritual distinctly states: 'A Knight should be loath to accept any honorarium which he has not honestly earned.' I will do my best to oblige you, Mr. Clifton, but I know by experience that I will not hear anything worth hearing or writing about."

"I'll be the judge of that," Mr. Clifton said, and I brought him his change and he went away.

AS I stated before, I am not an author, having written nothing in years but letters to delinquent Brother Knights, and things like "Two onion soups, one chicken à la king, one mutton chop, rare, two fresh peas, one endive salad, and two large cups of black coffee." So, I have just jotted down in a rough sort of way the things I overheard while waiting on Tables Number 1 to 6, inclusive, at luncheon, last Saturday.

I have an excellent memory, and have not mixed up an order in years, and every time I went out to the kitchen I wrote down notes on a pad, so I think I have written down exactly what was said, though, of course I have not used real names, as all the people are prominent in society, money and theatrical circles and I would not like to have them provoked at me.

My first patrons came in early. They consisted of one lady and one gentleman. I showed them to Table No. 1, in the center of the room, near the serving table, and with a view of the pantry when the swinging doors open. It is my worst table, so I always try to fill it first. This is an old restaurant custom.

People who take the first table a waiter shows them to have only themselves to blame if the bus-boys bang around the dishes on the serving table right in their ears, and if they get a view of the pantrymen in their undershirts. But the gentleman did not look like a chump and he wasn't one. He took Table No. 2, in the corner. I have noticed that people prefer to sit in a corner, and, after that, against a wall, and I suppose that is because they do not relish having people prowl around behind them. My patrons ordered refreshments and the regular luncheon, which featured Tony's Special Fritto Misto that day.

He was a good-sized gentleman, all in gray, mustache, suit, tie and everything, and the young lady was a young lady of about twenty-five summers, but looked tired. She was snappily dressed and was a pretty blonde. I hovered about, as I am not the kind who would break his word to a good patron like Mr. Clifton.

The gentleman said:

"You don't look very gay, Lou."

The lady said:

"I feel worse than I look."

The gentleman said:

"Tell me, Lou, why are you unhappy?"

She said:

"You wouldn't understand, Phil."

He said:

"It's all set, isn't it?"

She said:

"Yes, it's all set."

The gentleman said "Good" and ate a lot of antipasto. The lady did not eat much, just picked at things, messing them up just enough so they could not be served to somebody else later. All of a sudden she said:

"Phil, I don't want to go through with it."

He did not look any too well pleased by this remark.

"Why not?" he said.

"He's a decent kid," she said, "and he hasn't much jack."

"Well, his old man has," said the gentleman. "Don't go mushy on me, Lou. Business is business."

"Phil, can't you find somebody else?" the lady said.

"Later, maybe," he said, "but we've put in a lot of spade work on this job, and it's got to come off as planned."

"He's a good straight kid, I'm telling you," the lady said. "I hate to do this to him."

The gentleman looked very mean.

"Say, listen, Lou," he growled, "have you fallen for this yellow-haired whippersnapper?"

The gentleman did not say "whippersnapper," but used a word which I never employ myself, and, as a matter of fact, do not know how to spell.

"Don't be silly, Phil," the lady said.

"You're lying," said the gentleman, but did not raise his voice, as Mr. Pestalozzi does not permit patrons to raise their voices, though he will allow a little singing late at night. The young lady shrugged her shoulders.

"Think what you like," she said. "But count me out of this."

THE gentleman looked meaner than ever.

"Get this, Lou," he said, speaking slowly. "You are going to be in your apartment at four this afternoon when young curly-locks calls, and you are going to feed him highballs and be mighty sweet to him, particularly at 4:35, when I bust in, with Maxie, with fire in my eye and a blank check in my pocket."

"Phil, can't you let me out this time?" the lady said.

"No," he said. "And I don't want to hear any more beefing out of you, either. I'm going to say this just once, so listen: If you try to pull any queer stuff on this job, or any future job, I'm going to take a certain paper out of my safe-deposit box and send it to the right party, and you're going to wake up in a big stone house with a lot of little rooms, with a nice steady job sewing shirts for the next seven years, or a little less if you behave yourself. That's a promise."

The lady did not say anything but I could tell by the thoughtful look on her face that she was thinking.

"Well?" said the gentleman, staring at her hard. "What do you say, Lou?"

"What can I say?" she said.

"Now you're talking sense," the gentleman said and ordered some more refreshments.

I heard no more at that table as a gentleman at Table No. 3 snapped his fingers at me, and if there is one thing I hate it is a finger-snapper.

He was a plump gentleman with a large pink face, and he had snapped for me to bring him mustard. He doused mustard on everything but his spumoni. I had some difficulty in understanding his remarks as he was the sort of gentleman who does most of his talking with his mouth full of fritto misto, etc. The gentleman with him was a bony

(*Continued on page 42*)

A large person entered with some violence and announced that he was her husband, just back from the coast

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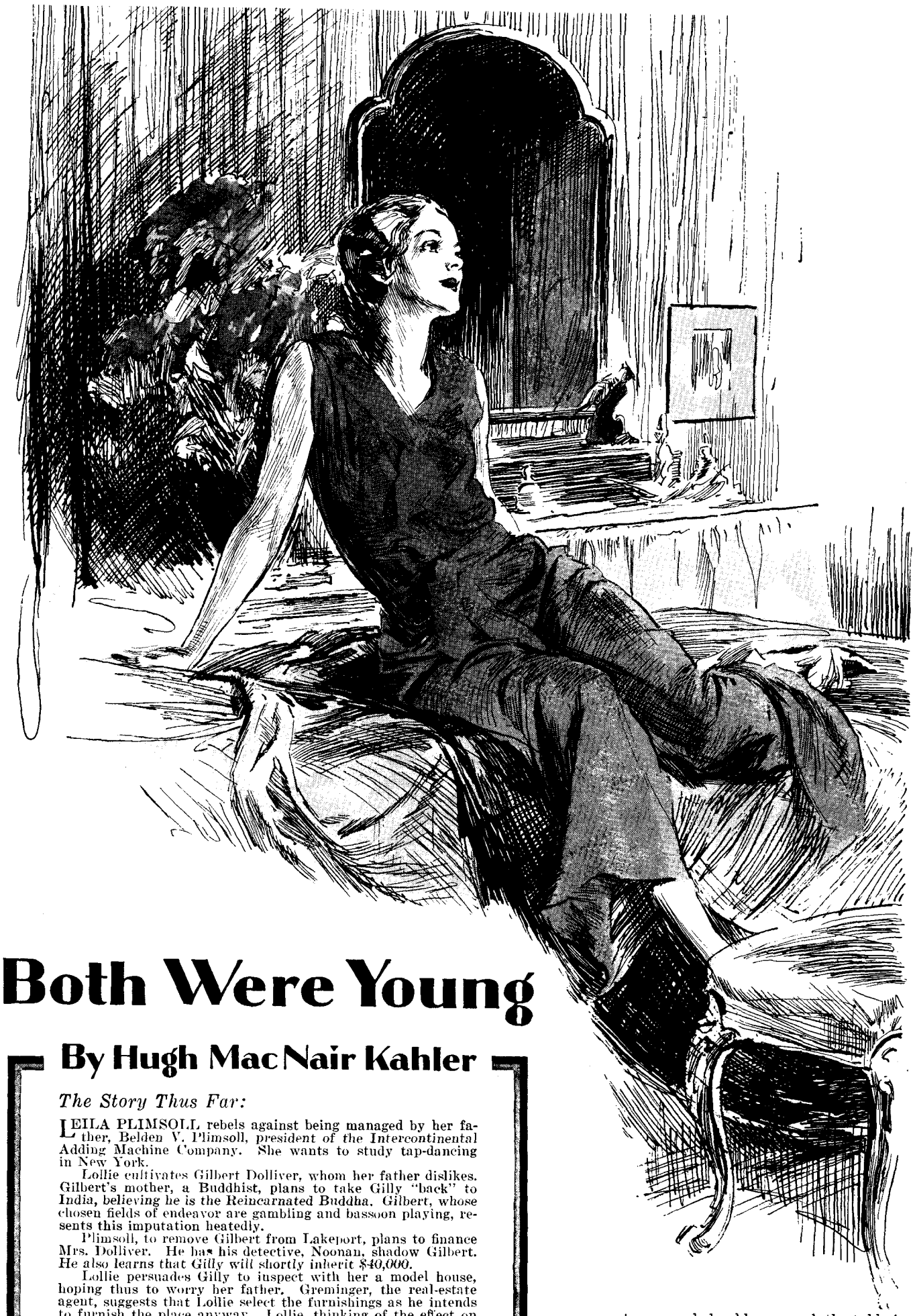

Both Were Young

By Hugh MacNair Kahler

Illustrated by John H. Crosman

IX

GILBERT coughed.

"Isn't that a lovely surprise, baby?" said mamma.

"I nearly spoiled it yesterday, when we were playing parchesi." Mr. Timlow's head wagged. "Your dear mother wanted to wait till we were on board before telling you, but I almost let it slip."

He clapped Gilbert's shoulder affectionately.

"So you see we'll have plenty of chances to play parchesi, after all. All the way to India!"

Gilbert's glance shifted to mamma's face. She was still faintly apprehensive, still softly suppliant, but her smile held, too, a faint suggestion of triumph. Her son coughed.

"I'd better go and see about that door," he said.

Mr. Timlow's gaze followed him with approval.

"Not many lads, I fear, would run so fast to do an errand for a mother." He paused, bowed. "But, then, what other lad has such a mother?"

Mrs. Dolliver laughed softly. She accepted Mr. Timlow's gallant arm and suffered him to guide her upon an unhurried circuit of the deck. They were not within view of the gangplank at the moment of its withdrawal, but they stood together at the rail as the Campestre slowly backed out into the river, and both waved in answer to the flutter of farewell handkerchiefs on the pier.

"It seems silly to be doing this," said Mrs. Dolliver. "When there's nobody down there we know."

Mr. Timlow loved accuracy for its own sake.

"We can't be sure of that," he pointed out. "Unknown to either of us, there may be someone there to whom, if we knew of his presence, we should both wave with all our hearts."

"What a wonderful thought!" said Mrs. Dolliver.

And, holding it solemnly between them, they renewed their wavings toward the receding pier.

THE art of hating, Lollie Plimsoll had discovered, is like other arts in that practice makes for perfection and for ease. At first, just after discovering Gilbert's perfidy, it had been impossible to hate him properly, even by giving to the task all her time and all her mental powers. Now, after forty-eight hours, she was able to do a very satisfactory job of hating and still have time and strength for other things.

Almost too much time, she had begun to realize. Having gone early to bed and to sleep for two successive nights, she had wakened, on Friday morning, some hours too soon, and before luncheon-time had done enough hating for the day, had done it thoroughly and without great mental or bodily fatigue, and now faced an afternoon barren of congenial occupation.

It was therefore natural and just that she should regard herself as the innocent victim of unfriendly circumstance, and should approach the table in no humor for the bungling intrusions of maternal solicitude; that she should rebuke, at first by silence and at last by word, her mother's slightly apprehensive attempts to manufacture conversation.

"I haven't heard you practicing your jig—your tap-dancing lately. I hope you haven't given it up."

Lollie arched her eyebrows, achieving the look of one valiantly patient under wanton injury.

"Really, mother! Have I ever given you any reason for thinking I haven't any perseverance at all? Just because I don't practice every minute."

"Oh, I didn't mean that, dear." Mrs.

The Story Thus Far:

LEILA PLIMSOLL rebels against being managed by her father, Belden V. Plimsoll, president of the Intercontinental Adding Machine Company. She wants to study tap-dancing in New York.

Lollie cultivates Gilbert Dolliver, whom her father dislikes. Gilbert's mother, a Buddhist, plans to take Gilly "back" to India, believing he is the Reincarnated Buddha. Gilbert, whose chosen fields of endeavor are gambling and bassoon playing, resents this imputation heatedly.

Plimsoll, to remove Gilbert from Lakeport, plans to finance Mrs. Dolliver. He has his detective, Noonan, shadow Gilbert. He also learns that Gilly will shortly inherit $40,000.

Lollie persuades Gilly to inspect with her a model house, hoping thus to worry her father. Greminger, the real-estate agent, suggests that Lollie select the furnishings as he intends to furnish the place anyway. Lollie, thinking of the effect on her father, agrees.

Arthur Timlow (Mrs. Plimsoll's cousin), who is courting Gilbert's mother, returns from New York after an unsuccessful attempt to sell Plimsoll's unused piano factory. He reports that Herbert Dolliver, Gilbert's missing uncle, is the head of a musical instrument company there and seeks room for expansion. Plimsoll gives Timlow a traveling position, the first trip to be to India, hoping thus to insure Mrs. Dolliver's departure.

Gilbert and Lollie visit the model house for the last time. Noonan, overhearing their conversation there, informs Plimsoll that Gilbert won't make the trip to India. Plimsoll, determined that he shall, personally escorts the family to the train. At first hesitant, Gilbert is reconciled by the thrilling discovery that he is still being shadowed. He is greatly annoyed upon discovering Timlow on the boat-train.

Arriving in New York and boarding the steamer, Gilly's hopes fall again when the detective, after seeing him aboard, goes away at the instant of sailing. Timlow, also aboard, announces that he is going to accompany them to India!

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"Oh, I don't believe Gilbert will ever have to work for money," said Lollie, "because he's so perfectly sure to marry someone with a lot"

Plimsoll was eagerly pacific. "I was just going to say that I hoped you'd have more time, now, for your ji—for your dancing, because I think it's so splendid for a girl to have an interest like that."

"Now?" echoed Lollie dangerously. "Why should I have any more time *now* than I've always had?"

"Why—why"—Mrs. Plimsoll's hands made a fluttering gesture of appeasement—"I only meant that you've seemed so busy, lately, going out every night."

"And what makes you think I shan't be going out any more?" This was in Lollie's ice-creamiest voice. Again her mother's hands fluttered.

"I didn't mean that. What I meant to say was"—Mrs. Plimsoll brightened a little—"that you won't be so busy, any more, with that house you've been decorating."

"Why won't I?" Lollie's eyebrows arched. "Really, mother!"

MRS. PLIMSOLL found a forlorn flash of spirit.

"Please don't speak to me like that, Lollie. You told me yourself that you never wanted to hear another word about that house!"

"And so, of course, it's the one thing you insist on talking about!"

"I don't! I won't be badgered this way, Lollie! Just because I said that as long as you'd stopped decorating that house you'd have more time for your dancing—"

"I didn't know I'd been—badgering you, mother." Lollie gave the word the vocal effect of quotation marks. "I'm sorry that you've lost your temper, but—"

"You aren't sorry! You've been trying your very best to make me lose it ever since you sat down at this table! You've been just as hateful to me as you could!"

Frankly Mrs. Plimsoll wept. Her daughter, rising, wore the mien of one who, sorely misjudged and wronged, endures nobly and forgives.

"Of course, mother, if you're determined to think I'm so perfectly loathsome, I can't prevent it, but at least I can refuse to let you draw me into a disgraceful squabble."

She withdrew deftly before Mrs. Plimsoll found a retort. On the way out to the garage, in slightly better humor with herself, she paused to watch the fledgling robins. At the sound of her approach they lifted loud, peevish voices and, with rude elbowings of wing, endeavored to crowd each other out of the nest.

Lollie scowled at them. Young birds were horrible little creatures, she thought. It was a wonder that the old robins should go to all the trouble of building a nest just to crowd it with these perfectly repulsive offspring—greedy and ugly, and so stupid that they seemed actually trying to make their home as unhappy and uncomfortable as they could!

She wondered why the old birds bothered to bring them up.

There were quite a lot of small green apples on the dwarf trees, this year—so many that even thus early in the season the branches that bore them had begun to bend down wearily under their weight. To Lollie's eye, however, the trees and their young fruit only served as reminder of her father, and of the willful misunderstanding, the injustice and oppression of which he was guilty.

Her frown darkened. It became suddenly clear to her that to all his other offenses her father had added an insult utterly unforgivable.

He actually believed that she liked Gilbert Dolliver!

HE BELIEVED this of his own daughter! He believed it so completely that he had gone to a lot of trouble and expense to get rid of Gilbert. And why? Just because she'd gone out, a few times, in Gilbert's crazy old car—just because she'd jokingly spoken kindlily of that horrible boy! He thought—he actually thought she had been furnishing that house out in Paradise Heights because—*ugh!*—she hoped to live in it some day with—Gilbert!

He still thought this. Even her mother thought it. Yes. Even her own mother, another woman, who ought to know better, no matter if she was over forty!

That was what her mother had practically said at luncheon—practically accused her own daughter of fixing up that house on account of Gilbert Dolliver! Mother had shown that she expected Lollie to lose interest in the house now that Gilbert—and serve him right!—was on his way to India to be a Buddhist priest!

A nice thing to believe about your own child! Practically accusing her of being gaga about a perfectly repellent boy, a boy who'd turned her down and gone to India, the coward, to stick knives through his arms and sit on red-hot coals, the way Buddhist priests had to.

Lollie spared a side-thought for the fervent hope that Gilbert's coals would be specially hot, but her mind came back at once to the matter of the house.

She owed it to herself to show the parents who were so willing to think evil of their only child that there was no relation whatever between her slight acquaintance with Gilbert Dolliver and her perfectly natural interest in interior decoration. And the best way, obviously, of proving this, was to go on with that house-furnishing exactly as if nothing had happened.

LOLLIE'S spirits rose. The afternoon ceased to loom emptily before her. She drove out along the Egandale Road in a frame of mind that was cheered by some overtime hating, by further reflections upon the unpleasantnesses attending the lot of a Buddhist priest. Didn't they have to sit cross-legged in the sun and shave their heads and be kind to flies and mosquitoes and snakes?

Lollie brightened suddenly as she remembered the rice-pudding sorrows of her own childhood. Buddhist priests had to live on rice!

She came into the office of Paradise Heights Manor wearing the expression engendered by this pleasing thought, and greeted Mr. Greminger, rising

(*Continued on page 50*)

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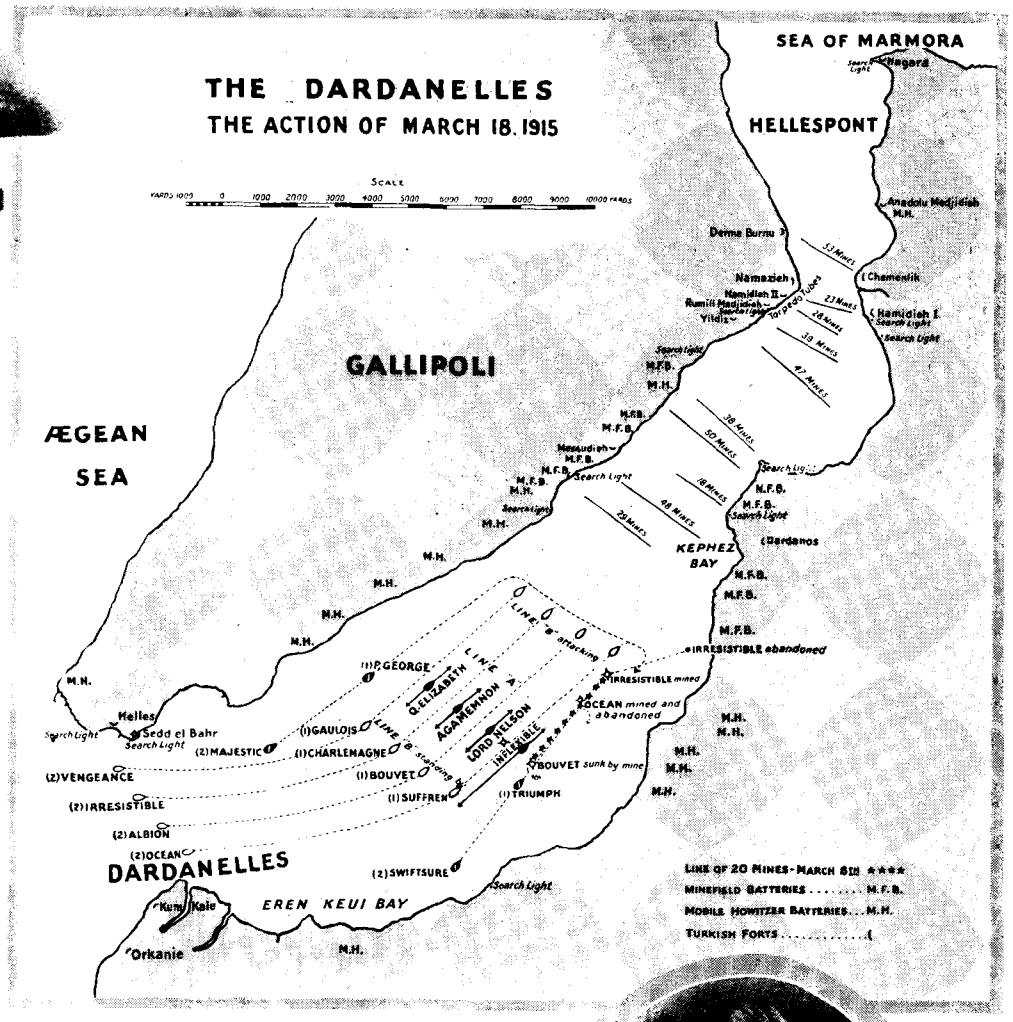
P. & A. Photos

Admiral Sir John de Robeck, who commanded the British fleet in its ill-starred attack upon the Dardanelles defenses



Here is the story of a gigantic bluff —a bluff which, indirectly, cost six or seven million lives. As the fifth crucial crisis of the World War, Mr. Churchill describes the attempt to force the Dardanelles and the part he played in that attempt

Dreadnoughts at Bay

By Winston Churchill

IN THESE studies I seek especially to show the real or apparent decisive influence of small, unexpected episodes, coincidences and mishaps upon the ponderous march of fate. We have seen the immense deflection of events which followed from General von Prittwitz' agitated telephonings to Moltke after the battle of Gumbinnen. We have seen the consequences which flowed in ever-broadening streams from the French Minister of War Messimy's order to General Joffre to provide three army corps for the defense of Paris. We now come to an episode where the technique is different, but the characteristic is the same.

We are afloat. The long, wavering, bulging or indented fronts drawn upon the map of Europe give place to the precise movements of ironclad ships steaming forward through a gulf beyond which lies the fall of Constantinople, and a mortal injury to the Central Empires.

Among the operations of war which combine the broadest effects of victory with the most intricate qualities of detail the naval attempt to force the Dardanelles must stand preëminent. Forty-one miles of deep water varying in width from four and a half miles to barely a mile, with low hills and bluffs, scrub- and rock-covered on either side, defended by forts and batteries, some fairly modern, some venerable, all famous and as a whole reputed formidable, and lastly a four-knot current flowing against the attackers, constituted the gateway and the gate which in the spring of 1915 stood between the British navy and the destruction of Turkey; between the world and an enormous, merciful curtailment of the war.

A classical event! A collision of altogether different kinds of forces; small, local, definite effects dominating and settling one way or the other measureless political, military and moral consequences! Here again the reader must look at the map. The Strait of the Dardanelles between Europe and Asia is formed and shielded by the long pendulous peninsula of Gallipoli stretched forward like a tentacle to guard the central life of the Turkish Empire.

The Deadly Triple Defense

Who has not read Victor Hugo's story of Gilliatt's struggle with the devilfish? The awful tentacles with their hundreds of suckers wrapping him about, binding one arm after another, preventing all movement, gripping and constricting, paralyzing, draining life and strength away; and just beyond these deadly members is the grinning face and pulsating heart and indispensable suction pump of the animal itself. Once a knife-armed hand darts through the twining tentacles, a single slashing stab will cut the life out of the whole beast. But to get that hand free!

Apart from its physical features strangely contrived by nature, the Dardanelles defenses depended upon three main factors. All stood together, and all fell together. United they were invincible; but if one could be destroyed, or even temporarily stunned, the others would collapse. First there were the barrier mine fields, more or less accurately known in their extent and position, which, ten lines deep, obstructed the Straits from the Narrows to the Sea of Marmora. To run past the fortresses warships must encounter the mines and they must encounter them at the very moment when they would be under the worst fire of the forts.

It was possible to sweep up the mine fields. Small vessels, destroyers or mine-sweepers working in pairs, dragging a steel rope between them, could scythe through the moorings which held the mines in their position, and these globular monsters, once severed from their anchors, would float away harmlessly on the strong current into the Ægean Sea.

Secondly, there were the field guns and howitzers, the "mobile armament," as it was termed in military parlance, which protected the mine fields from being so swept. These were hidden in ravines, in groves, in marshes, behind hummocks, here, there and everywhere, in every unexpected corner and valley. These could not stop battleships, largely immune by their armor from field-gun fire. But they rendered the task of sweeping the mine fields one of difficulty and danger. They required the fleet, while covering the mine-sweepers, to remain for a long time under the fire of the third factor in the Dardanelles defenses; namely, the big cannon of the old fortresses, about twenty of which were capable of damaging gravely the largest and latest battleships.

To recapitulate, until the mines were swept up the great ships could not pass the Straits; until the mobile batteries were to some extent quelled by the great ships, the little ships could not sweep up the mines, and until the forts had been silenced the great ships could not remain long in positions whence they could crush the mobile batteries. Such was the problem of forcing the Dardanelles.

Bain News Service

Lord John Fisher, First Sea Lord of the Admiralty, 1914-1915, who resigned as a result of the Dardanelles controversy, dragging the Liberal Government down with him

Clearing the Way

It is evident, however, that the failure of any one of these three defensive factors entailed the ruin of the other two. If, for instance, the forts could be smashed, or silenced by long-range fire, then the big ships could advance close to the mine fields and cover the little ships while they swept them up. And then the big ships could move up the deep channel into the Sea of Marmora, not caring much for the fire of the little guns. If the mines were swept up, or if the forts were silenced or ran short of ammunition, or if the little guns were located and held down by the

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fleet or blinded by smoke screens, the whole defense would fall to pieces.

As soon as the destruction of the outer defenses at the end of February enabled the fleet to enter the Straits and to fire upon the forts at the Narrows at long range, from the broad waters of Eren Keui Bay, these waters were carefully and, it was believed, thoroughly swept and guarded against ambuscade mines. They were patrolled by a British flotilla through the night and watched by the larger vessels and by airplanes during the day.

The Nousret's Venture

But the German staff, seeing the ships maneuvering and bombarding from this area day after day, while preparations for the general attack were going forward, decided to try to lay a row of mines in the hope of catching some unlucky vessel. And in the half light of the squally morning of March 8th, just as the British night patrol was withdrawing from the Straits, the little Turkish steamer Nousret succeeded unperceived in laying a row of twenty mines far in advance of the regular mine fields at the Narrows, in the area marked by stars on the map on the opposite page.

This row of mines was not laid across the channel as a barrier like the regular mine fields, but lengthways. These were virtually the last reserve of moored mines which the Turks possessed. Their total cost price was probably not more than $25,000. All over Europe throughout 1915 millions of men were locked in deadly conflict, vast offensive battles were planned and launched. The heroic manhood of the greatest nations marched dauntlessly into the struggle. Two or three million men were slain or maimed. The wealth of nations flowed into the abyss by a thousand streams. Four or five thousand war vessels rode the seas. But these twenty iron pots stealthily dropped by the steamer Nousret were destined to achieve results more decisive upon the length of the war and upon the future of the world than all the other forces combined.

They and they alone set up a series of psychological complications which converted the hopeful enterprise of the British fleet into dull stagnation. They and they alone prevented the naval passage of the Dardanelles. They and they alone saved Turkey from a defeat which would have been her greatest blessing, and prolonged the World War till Europe, victor and vanquished alike, was ruined by it.

At length on March 18th the day of the attack comes. Squadron by squadron the great fleet, attended by its mine-sweepers and small craft and guarded against floating mines by the busy picket boats, enters the land-locked waters and engages the forts at the Narrows.

The spectacle, according to beholders, was magnificent. Giant fountains in the Bay, dense bulges of smoke and dust on shore, the roar of cannon and exploding shells!

The bombardment is begun by the modern British ships. As the forts are gradually mastered and pinned down one by one, the French squadron advances to closer range. Explosions take place in several forts; one single shell demolishes two of the five modern fourteen-inch Turkish guns. The forts are filled with débris, the Turkish and handful of German gunners are driven from the guns. They retire to their bombproofs waiting for a lull. After three hours' action the ships are practically undamaged but the forts are clearly weakening, having suffered obvious injury.

Never in the Great War was there so much spectacle and so little bloodshed. Scarcely 150 men have been killed or wounded on both sides, but a great event is proceeding prosperously. It is proved that ships can attack the forts and beat them by gunfire. Next for the peril of mines! The mine-sweepers covered by the battleships are now to advance and rip the moorings of the mines at the Narrows. But meanwhile other events have been taking place.

The reader must not forget that the fleet is supposed to be fighting in an area which had been completely swept of mines, and has been so reported. However, at 1:54 P. M. the Bouvet, a French battleship, while leaving the Straits, her task discharged, after being relieved from bombarding the forts, suddenly blew up and foundered. Her magazines had exploded, and in less than two minutes she disappeared in the deep water of the Straits. Out of nearly seven hundred men sixty survived.

By what agency had she been destroyed? It could not be a moored mine because all that area had been swept and reported clear. Nor could it well be a floating mine. A few have been seen drifting down the stream, but th daring picket boats have found no difficulty in grappling these and towing them out of the way. It must be a lucky big shell from the forts. Such were the conjectures of the High Command on board the Queen Elizabeth. So the bombardment was not interrupted and the attack on the forts went on with increasing success so far as the ships were concerned.

The mine-sweepers were now beating up against the strong current toward the barrier of mines, and the battleships advanced to bombard the forts at closer range. The defenders of the forts, seeing the mine-sweepers approaching their vital defenses, rushed from their underground caverns and reopened fire from every fort. But, says the Turkish General Staff account, "By 2 P. M. the situation had become very critical. All telephone wires were cut, all communications with the forts were interrupted, some of the guns had been knocked out, others were half buried, others again were out of action with their breech mechanisms jammed; in consequence the artillery fire of the defense had slackened considerably."

"At 4 P. M.," wrote Admiral de Robeck in his dispatch, "the forts of the Narrows were practically silenced, the batteries guarding the mine fields were put to flight and the situation appeared most favorable for clearing the mine fields."

Suddenly at 4:11 P. M. the Inflexible, a dreadnought battle-cruiser, lying back behind the advance line of battleships and far behind the mine-sweepers, reported she had struck a mine. She

(*Continued on page 56*)

International Newsreel

Enver Pasha, "the soul of the Turkish resistance"

Brown Bros.

British land forces in action during the Gallipoli campaign

International Newsreel

The Right Honorable Winston Churchill, who strenuously advocated a continuance of the naval attempt to force the Dardanelles

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Speaking of Women

By Louis Joseph Vance

The Story Thus Far:

LONA SCHELL, traveling as a widow under the name of Mary Lanchester, goes abroad to start life anew, hoping to meet no one who knows her past. Carl Lander, the man who had been her lover, had cast her out—albeit settling a comfortable amount of money on her—after the suicide of a young man in love with Lona.

On shipboard Mrs. Lanchester meets Tess and Tim Macready, Count Julien de Versennes, a French widower who is returning home for his daughter's betrothal, and Ralph (Rollo) Tattersall, the last named being a man who has known her as Lona Schell, and she is in constant fear that he will divulge her secret when Julien falls in love with her and wants to marry her, but Rollo promises not to reveal her secret if she plays the game straight.

Everyone goes to Paris except Mrs. Lanchester, who goes to England supposedly to visit her late husband's relatives. Later on her way to Paris by air the plane is forced down and Mrs. Lanchester secures a drive to Paris with a young Frenchman, with whom she falls in love and who turns out to be Robert de Freycinet, fiancé of Zoë, Julien's daughter. Neither knows at the time who the other is and Robert promises not to renew the acquaintance.

They dine in a private dining-room at Lambert's and Mrs. Lanchester is seen by Phillips Canning, another shipmate, who suspects her for what she is and always refers to her as "a catalyzer of calamity."

Mrs. Lanchester discovers Robert's name and identity one night when she runs away from an accident to Tim's car and takes refuge in the little house in a walled garden, which is the studio of the famous painter Fuenterrabia, who asks her to sit to him. He has no idea of her identity at the time and knows her only as a lady in distress, though he suspects her true nature. He meets her formally at the betrothal, where she also meets Robert during a tense moment when Zoë seems to realize it and in fact she does sense the truth because some malicious soul had telephoned her of Robert's dining at Lambert's with a lovely American.

Illustrated by Hubert Mathieu

VII

TO EVERY heart its ghosts, as Zoë had to learn, that walk though banned by bell and book and candle. That which she set herself to disavow proved of such unholy vitality, notwithstanding, that for days its mean presence skulked on at her elbow, alert to jog it, its mumble of insinuations continually an affliction to her ears. And in the end it mocked her will to deny it, took unclean shape to her again, and walked yet another hour in a bright small company which Fuenterrabia had convoked privately to view his most recent work—a portrait of de Freycinet.

Zoë, going to the house in the walled garden this first time with every predisposition to be delighted, felt in its welcome nothing to forbode disappointment. The day was wet and raw and wind-swept, the studio a place of rich enchantment. M. de Freycinet's, moreover, was the first face she saw as she held up on the threshold to wait for Mme. Savinien—who had taken the path through the frostbitten garden at a more elderly gait—and the light that woke at sight of her held assurances which the heart of the girl had been hungry for. Then, too, those wide spaces, whose genial illumination enhanced the fire of jewels pent by artist's alchemy in picture frames, in faïence, marble, bronze, in enamels, rugs and vestments, were peopled by a score of personages, every one distinguished by the gift for keeping on easy terms with the world. A piano, with which the composer Monsigny was trifling while holding up his end of a nicely burlesqued flirtation with the Duchess de Chalais, embroidered with silvery arpeggios, like elfin laughter, the purl of voices. M. de Versennes, one of a lighthearted group near a buffet at the other end of the room, did not immediately discover the arrival of his daughter. The Marquis de Fuenterrabia, however, forsook his cronies, the sculptor Barres and Glyph of the mordant pencil, where they stood discussing his two new portraits, and crossed to Zoë with a readiness that forestalled M. de Freycinet himself.

A tall and somber medieval presence, singularly the proudest and least pretentious there, the painter did the young girl as courtly a bow as though the event had been set for her first of all.

"It is an honor you do my poor workshop, mademoiselle, and you no less, madame"—as Eugénie Savinien made her tardy entrance, damply bridling—"to find your way here in the teeth of this tempest."

A warm concentration in his attitude gave Zoë to feel that the eyes of the painter had, in some unaccountable fashion, all at once been opened to see her as more than merely a personable young girl; a sense of being valued by an intelligence luminous and just as the sunlight which was waiting for her to savor again when she turned back from greeting Robert.

"And now, with the indulgence of Mme. Savinien, and yours, too, monsieur, I should like to take sole charge of mademoiselle for a few moments and show her the only canvas she is keen to view. I am sure she will say what she thinks with less reluctance if there is no one to overhear."

"As if one could possibly think a portrait by Fuenterrabia anything but wonderful."

"You might easily rate it a wonderful failure, mademoiselle, if I have not been happy enough to portray all your truer vision sees."

BUT as it turned out, the girl stood silent before the easel a good two minutes. "I had expected much, I admit, monsieur," she at length shyly ventured, "but this goes beyond all understanding, to find I had to wait for you to show me how fine he is."

"Brilliant folk the world over have paid my brush high praise"—the Spaniard bowed again—"it has remained for a young French girl to make me sure for once of its worth."

"But it is marvelous, it is perfection."

"Ah, no!"—the carved dark features formed a thoughtful smile—"but half that, if you please. It has been shown to me today that this portrait can never be considered in itself complete; that what makes our friend so fine is the faith reposed in him by a nature even finer, whereas a skeptical dull world will never credit his quality without being shown the reason for it; that this canvas should never be exhibited except with my portrait of you to justify it. I am trying in my lame way to say, mademoiselle, I hope you will consent to sit to me."

The gasp of a child in a rapture answered: "Oh, Monsieur le Marquis!"

"One is to take it that you will? It is agreed, then." A gaze at once acute

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and cloudy, engrossed already in considerations of lighting, pose and composition, dwelt on her another minute. "As you are, I think, in that charming costume of taupe with its blush of rose, and with that shining in your face to make the heart ache for dreams forgone but unforgotten. When can we start? It can't be too soon if we are to show in the Spring Salon."

"I'm afraid that won't be possible," a rueful Zoë replied. "I must tell you, we go to Quézac tomorrow, Aunt Eugénie and I—as Julien says, to meet the spring halfway."

"But that, naturally, is now out of the question." A dense stare fixed M. de Versennes in the knot about Mrs. Lanchester. "It remains for me to give that headstrong boy a talking to and persuade him to change these untimely arrangements."

"It would be wicked to lead you to hope for success, monsieur; Julien has too much heart in the matter. Surely you know how it is with him."

"One hears rumors in the wind. . . ."

"All right: now for my questions," said Canning. "Drive a Mercedes, don't you? Left it parked outside the restaurant Lambert a couple of weeks ago, didn't you?"

"He has asked Mme. Lanchester and her friends to pay Quézac a long visit. They depart tomorrow, too, but for Cannes first of all, and only after a week or so will come to us at the château."

"I have no doubt the poor fellow will feel put out. Still, he was wrong to go to such extremes without consulting me. Another twenty-four hours and you would all of you be beyond my reach."

"All but Robert," Zoë corrected, beginning to be hugely entertained; "he has affairs that will detain him here another fortnight."

"No doubt that is why he said nothing about going away. Mme. Lanchester, on the other hand," the Spaniard puzzled in faint annoyance. . . . "But no! I do not understand. She must have told you she had promised to sit for her portrait, too."

"But no, monsieur!" Zoë cried in astonishment—"she hasn't—"

"It was only yesterday, true; but I made it so plain I would expect her one day soon that her failure to mention this flight cries for looking into. Either one is Fuenterrabia or—the lady has reason, one's time is of no consequence whatever. Forgive me"—a nod called M. de Freycinet—"if I resign you for a minute to our friend."

He stalked off to have it out with Julien and Mrs. Lanchester.

"By what appears"—the girl was aware of Robert's voice as a seep of faint amusement from far away—"Don Quixote of the Smock is off to break a maulstick tilting at a windmill. What have you done to him, young person? Did you dare tell him to his long face he hadn't done justice to the almost human intelligence of my bright blue eyes?"

"They're brown," Zoë roused primly to correct. "As for the rest, you mustn't take the fun people poke at you too seriously. . . . It is all because he now wants to do my portrait, too, and chooses to hold it a species of lèse majesté on Julien's part, lèse art at least, to have arranged for me to go away without asking his permission. You know, he thinks well of himself, that one."

"It is only his high Castilian conception of humor, my dear. When one knows him, one finds him all simplicity—he is too real a genius to be otherwise."

The girl absently produced noises of agreement. Secretly she was gazing with sickened eyes on that shameful ghost which Fuenterrabia's information had conjured up anew.

Only night before last Robert had announced, in the hearing of Mme. Lanchester, that he wouldn't find it convenient to depart for Quézac within a fortnight.

It had at that time been clearly understood that she was to go with the Macreadys to Cannes, where Julien would join them.

Yet it now transpired that she had, as lately as yesterday, promised Fuenterrabia to be indefinitely at his disposition here in Paris.

If vanity alone were in question, the young woman would hardly have waited an hour to proclaim her luck. What motive, then, could she have had for keeping her counsel till this, the last quarter of the eleventh hour—what but the hope that her friends and Julien would proceed without her, leaving her nobody but Fuenterrabia to consider when it came to parceling out her time, with nothing to prevent her putting herself, in effect when she would, in Robert's way?

The girl did her utmost to follow what her fiancé was saying in praise of Fuenterrabia; but the canvases were blurs of swimming color, with the specter of Jealousy rearing up hideously between, gaunt, disheveled, haggard, bitten lips stretched in a mirthless grin, mania—a pulse of phosphorescence in shrunken orbits . . .

THEN, too, she realized another care that stabbed as cruelly: Poor Julien!

"But, my dear! it wasn't till yesterday it was decided, and even then—Monsieur le Marquis himself will tell you—not a word was said about the first sitting."

Zoë discovered that she had been drawn into the circle about Mme. Lanchester, and heard its clatter become articulate in accents that oddly put one in mind for once of honey refined till nothing but its sweetness remained.

Clearly Fuenterrabia had lost no time stating his grievance, and in the same breath had given Julien one of his very own, astonished the Macreadys, charmed that impish M. Tattersall, and placed Mme. Lanchester on the defensive.

"I was merely waiting for that to be settled to broadcast the news, but never in my wildest dreams imagined monsieur would be so impatient." A lightly conscious laugh struck a truer note, the very voice of vanity unashamed: giving Zoë to wonder why, if it were as careless as it sounded, she must feel that the woman was furtively watching to observe its effect on her. "Now, I suppose, I shall have to cancel my reservations and put off—till God and Monsieur le Marquis know when—the pleasure of seeing Julien's château."

"You have quite made up your mind?" Julien dismally inquired.

"Surely you aren't suggesting I ought to disappoint monsieur?"

"I'm sure I don't know." Julien was always a thought vague when disconcerted. "It upsets all our plans, of course; it's most disturbing."

"For my part," the Spaniard put in, "it is either now or, all too possibly, never. I return to Madrid in April to paint the Queen."

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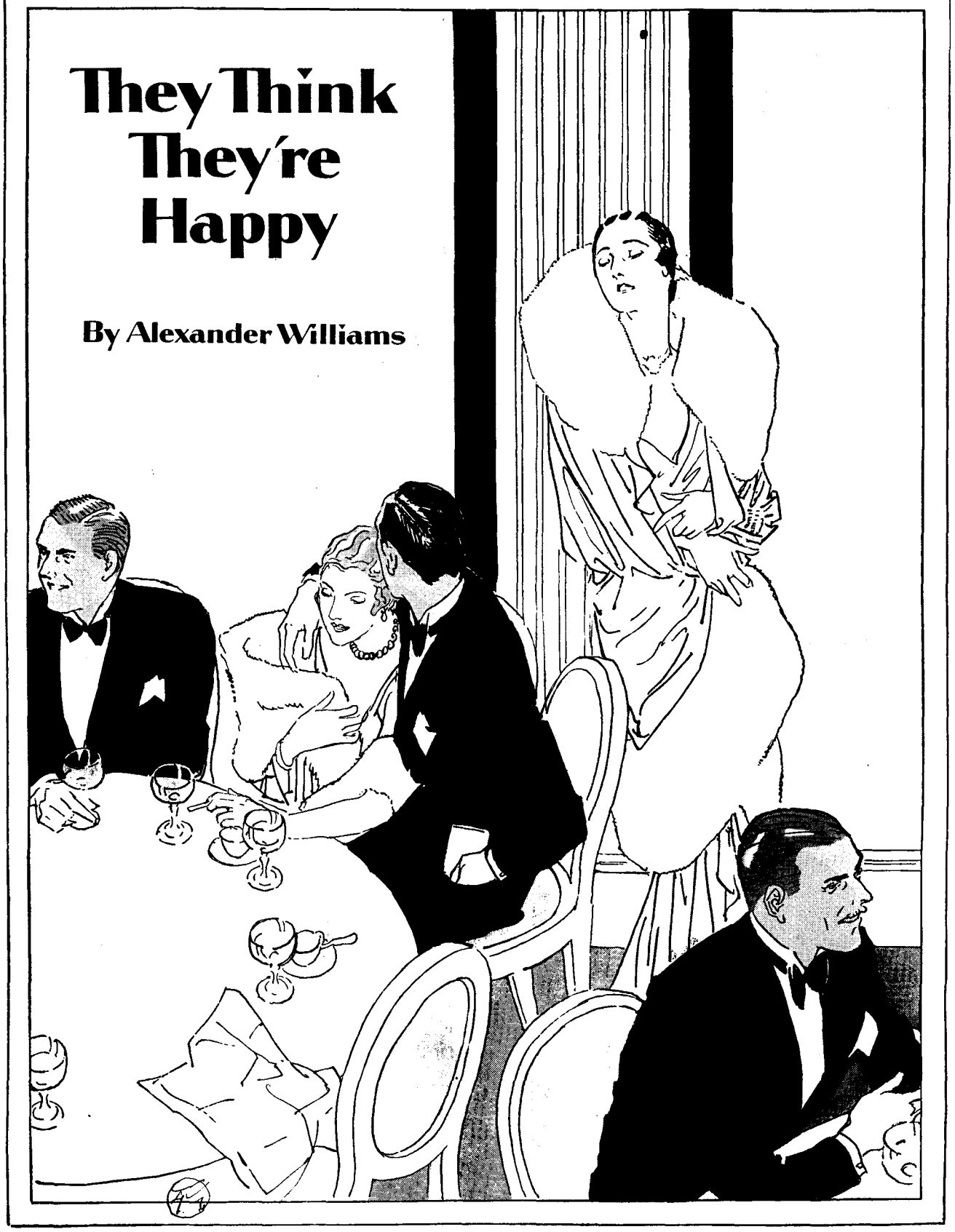
They Think They're Happy

By Alexander Williams



Under cover of this semi-petting party Jeff managed to slip the bag from the chair and into his pocket

But it's one of those pathetic delusions which characterize certain forms of insanity—especially love

THIS girl, whose name was Katherine Greyson, came to town from some place out in Ohio. One of those bright girls—the kind who do things, earn money for themselves. Looking for an apartment, she came to the place on the Avenue where Jeff lives. She hadn't any business there. The rents are far above anything she could afford to pay, but she saw by the sign out front that there was a sublet and she was tired and worn out with looking at moderate-priced, shabby places, so she took a chance.

The doorman at Jeff's is a perfect idiot. He is one of those fellows who are always taking you to the eighth floor instead of the seventh even though you have lived there for years, and when this girl asked about the apartment to let, instead of directing her to the floor above Jeff, where there really was a place to let, or instead of sending for the superintendent, or something sensible like that, he unloaded her in front of Jeff's door and told her that was the place.

Jeff was home. He shouldn't have been. He should have been at Rosamond Harcourt's tea, or on his way. More than that, he shouldn't have been in town at all. He was supposed to be at a house party up in Connecticut, with Bill and Evelyn Travers. And he would have been, except that it was the end of the month and he was so broke he hadn't the railroad fare to get there, and his car was in the garage being fixed. His credit at the garage was a little strained. Jeff is like that. He has a good income from the estate, but early in life he accumulated the idea that money was to be spent. Jeff has a way of holding onto ideas.

THIS Katherine girl is good-looking. You must admit that. In fact, she is a knockout, and when, in the middle of a dull afternoon, Jeff came to the door of his apartment and was confronted with a stunner, he naturally opened the door wider and said:

"Oh, how do you do? Please come in."

In she walked, looking all around at the things in the foyer and giving the living-room the once-over in that critical, snooty manner prospective tenants have. Evidently she liked it. She gave Jeff a charming smile and he, thinking the smile was for him and not for the splendid judgment Aunt Henrietta had used in furnishing the complete bachelor's home, pinched himself and fairly oozed cordiality.

That's what burns you up. It's this long arm of coincidence stuff and whatnot. If the silly doorman had said what the lady was calling for, or had even announced her, Jeff would have had nothing to do with the business. If she had taken things less for granted, and, above all, if she hadn't been so good-looking and Jeff so impressionable, everything would have been all right. Not that Jeff has shown signs of being impressionable before. For five seasons he has had young, pretty and wealthy girls of our very best families hurled at his head by mammas who would like to annex the Burnside money and the Burnside prestige. However—

Jeff asked the lady to sit down, in his own persuasive fashion, which is pretty good, and, with a little sigh, she plumped herself into one of Jeff's best chairs and lit the cigarette he offered her. Being a business girl, she went right to the point.

"I'm afraid this place is much too expensive for me," she said, "Mr. er—"

"Burnside," said Jeff. "Jefferson Burnside, and I do hope you'll start calling me Jeff without any coaxing."

She froze him a little and he gained the impression that she wasn't the type to get pally on short acquaintance.

"As I was saying, Mr. Burnside," she continued, "I'm afraid this place is too expensive for me. I really can afford very little and I only need a small corner for the next three months."

IT WAS all gibberish to Jeff, but he got the general idea that this perfect honey of a girl was complaining that things were too expensive, and believing that nothing is too good for a good-looking girl, he said so.

"I know you are anxious to rent your apartment, Mr. Burnside," was her next remark. Rather Ritzy too. "At the same time, I think it is only fair to you to state here and now, so that we needn't waste each other's time, that I can afford only one hundred dollars a month. Even if I should find this place suited to my needs, that will be my limit."

No one had ever suggested before that Jeff's time was valuable, he was terribly broke and here was this girl babbling about three hundred of the very best. It looked like a fortune to him with the first of the month almost a week away.

"Do I gather," he inquired, the germ of a great idea beginning to sprout in his head, "do I gather that you are proposing to rent my apartment for three months for three hundred dollars!"

"If I like it," she agreed, "and if it would be any inducement to you, I can pay the three months in advance."

The idea was full-born by that time. Jeff is a man of action. Anyone who saw him in the Yale game six seasons ago and saw the way he cut up Yale's interference could vouch for that. In a moment he had it all figured out. He could stretch out the Travers' house party to a week or maybe two. He could always drop in for a week or so with old Bill Holloway, and if the worst came to worst he could come back to town and bunk in with me. That was the unkindest cut of all. Jeff actually figured on me to help put this nefarious scheme into practice.

There was a lurking fear in the back of his mind of what Aunt Henrietta might say or do, but he reasoned that she was in Aiken, the mail would be forwarded, and inasmuch as he was not a very prompt correspondent there was no good reason why she should ever know. She usually stays South until it

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is time to sail for Europe. It looked a good bet, and there was that three hundred Jeff needed very badly. He proceeded to sell her the flat.

In the most approved real-estate agent manner, he led her all over the place, showed her the regulator taps in the shower, explained in detail the works of the mechanical ice-box in the kitchenette, assured her the restaurant in the building served excellent meals in your rooms, all hot and piping in a gadget with an alcohol burner in it. He told her how much maid service would cost and just where the linen was stored and how he would clear out the cupboards and chiffoniers and things in the bedroom.

Jeff did a good job. At the end of ten or fifteen minutes they were friends and Jeff had agreed to be on his way the very next day. He generously allowed her the few days till the end of the month as a sort of bonus. Neither of them seemed to think that leases and all that rot were necessary. Katherine gave him a check for the three hundred dollars, Jeff spent a happy afternoon alternately spending the money and packing his things for a three months' stay and in the morning, his car redeemed, was on his way to Connecticut.

All went well with him. The visit to the Travers' lengthened out very satisfactorily for two weeks. It must have been a Monday morning when the blow fell. He was quietly tucking in an egg and a stray bit of toast and coffee, all being right with the world, when the Travers' man brought him a telegram. He had no sense of tragedy when he ripped it open, but the first words were enough:

RETURN TO NEW YORK IMMEDIATELY [the wire read, regardless of expense] YOUNG WOMAN CALLING HERSELF KATHERINE GREYSON INSTALLED IN YOUR APARTMENT WITH PREPOSTEROUS STORY OF RENTING IT FROM YOU STOP HAVE HAD HER EVICTED AND HAVE THREATENED ARREST AS SWINDLER STOP THINK IT NECESSARY FOR YOU TO BE HERE TO PROTECT YOUR OWN INTEREST

HENRIETTA BURNSIDE

In order to fully appreciate his immediate reaction and his subsequent actions, one would have to know Aunt Henrietta. She has dominated the family for years and the fact that both of the Burnside boys, Jeff and I, are orphans, and had been under her guardianship, has done nothing to mitigate her natural tendency toward being a martinet. All of their lives she dictated the comings and the goings of her brothers, their wives, their oxen and cattle and everything that was theirs. She regards Jeff as an absolute ass. She doesn't approve of me very much.

SO DON'T think that Jeff is a coward because his first impulse was to cut and run, and his second, third and fourth impulses were the same. He had money. His allowance was just in and Aunt Henrietta could not cut that off. In his extremity he remembered some relatives who have a place up in Victoria, B. C., which he vaguely knew was somewhere in Canada. They have always urged us to visit them, but it seemed such a long way off. That made it perfect for Jeff at the moment. He wanted to be a long, long way off. He called for a telegraph blank and wired back to Aunt Henrietta:

SORRY IMPOSSIBLE FOR ME TO RETURN NEW YORK STOP HAVE ACCEPTED INVITATION TO VISIT FAMILY IN VICTORIA STOP MOTORING OUT STOP CANNOT SAY WHAT MY ADDRESS WILL BE EN ROUTE STOP WILL WRITE FROM CANADA LOVE

JEFF

He thought the last word rather neat. It seemed to hit just the right note of affection and respect without effusion and withal being telegraphic it gave rather a noncommittal and careless air to the whole affair. He absolutely forgot the girl until he was on his way and he salved his conscience that he had denied nothing and he knew there was not a Chinaman's chance that anything serious would happen to Katherine. Aunt Henrietta rarely becomes really nasty.

This is no brief for Jeff's behavior, but it is how he reasoned, if you can call it that. Old Jeff is the very best and if he thought for a moment anyone would suffer through him or that he could do anyone a good turn, I can assure you that Sidney Carton's "far, far better thing" would be a poor second to Jeff's.

AND he actually started to Victoria. Having said he was going to Victoria he made up his mind, on the spur of the moment or the telegram, had his things packed and stowed in his car and was out of the house and on his way to the Canadian border before the telegram to Aunt Henrietta was on its way. When he finally did think of Katherine and the effect this thing might have upon her, he stopped to telegraph to her, only he had no idea of where to telegraph. She had no way of reaching him. It was not likely that Aunt Henrietta would tell her or that she would ask.

Another bright idea appeared as if by magic. It must have been magic, Jeff not being prone to ideas bright or otherwise. He got a wire off to Mr. Witherspoon, who is a lawyer and one of the executors of the estate. He in a way was and is our legal guardian, or whatever you call a fellow who looks after another fellow's business for his people. Of course Mr. Witherspoon paid no attention to the wire. He never does.

Having done all of this, his mind at rest, Jeff proceeded to Victoria and in due course he would have reached there had he not stopped in Quebec to see how the winter sports were holding out.

You know how it is in Quebec at the season. Everybody who isn't at St. Moritz or South is there and Jeff is pretty popular. What with one thing and another he stayed and stayed and every time he started somebody else he'd not seen for a long while, or someone he'd just seen a week or so before, would show up and then there'd be the whole thing to do over again.

He came into the Frontenac grill one night with a gang. There were six or seven in the party but the important one was Grace Foster. Personally, I've never cared so much for Grace and she hasn't seemed to lose much sleep about it. She's a clinging-vine sort of girl. One of those who get what they want when they want it although they are always sweet and soft and pretty and never seem to crave anything but a kind word. She has wanted Jeff for quite a time. Those big, good-natured, strong and handsome lads are her meat.

This night, Grace had put away a good deal of Scotch in her retiring and sweet way and when she got down in the grill she was all for scattering largesse in great lumps among the servitors, musicians and such.

Jeff had been restraining her for an hour or more. She had a considerable wad of jack in her evening bag, and he knew she'd be sorry in the morning. As she sat down beside him at table she slipped her bag between her back and the chair. Jeff, the Good Samaritan, pretended to put one arm around her to adjust her scarf and she, a good cuddler, leaned into it like a willing horse into the traces. Under cover of this semi-petting party Jeff managed to slip the bag, from between her back and the chair, into his pocket.

He relaxed with a sigh of relief, thinking he had saved the cash from the Canadian wolves, when there was a gentle but firm tap on his shoulder and he looked up into the sparkling wrathy eyes of Katherine Greyson, erstwhile tenant, and what would you.

He was struck dumber than usual. She was the last person in the world he expected to see and although he knew he should want to see her more than anyone he could think of, he also wanted to see her less than anyone else except Aunt Henrietta. It is complicated but you see how he felt.

He didn't know what to say but that didn't make any difference because she didn't give him a chance to say anything. Her face was set and stern and she said:

"Will you please come with me?"

Illustrated by Fred Chapman

Katherine said, "Oh, Jeff, you fool. Why didn't you kiss me before?"

Her tone made Jeff murmur to himself:

"And remember that anything you say may be used against you."

He got up at once. Somebody at the table made a wisecrack, but Jeff didn't even hear him. He followed Katherine out through the door along the esplanade and she leaned up against the parapet, the lights of the town across the river shimmering in the water far below them, making a back-drop for her that would turn Belasco green with envy.

But she was all business.

"In the first place," she said, "give me that pocketbook, or whatever it was that you took away from that poor little

(*Continued on page 53*)

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Illustrated by Harold Von Schmidt

Trail Driver's Luck

Love under difficulties, in a land of beauty and romance

By Alan LeMay

FOR a week the noise of the trail herd had beat steadily upon the ears of Frazee: by day a muffled rumble of hoofs, a sound deep and thick as a wrapping of hot cotton; by night an incessant dry bawling of thirst-tormented cattle. Now that he was away from the herd he noticed with surprise that the vast sun-baked levels of the Mexican plain still had a silence like the end of time, or the peace of God.

Yet there was an unrest under the silence, a small stir somewhere in the far northeast, up by the Texas border. So small was that irritant under the quiet that it could almost be forgotten, like a touch of cactus dust on the skin. Only when you listened carefully, unbreathing, could you be certain that to the northeast there were rifles popping, hundreds of them, in a straggling, shapeless battle.

That far-off rustle of gunpowder was very much in Frazee's mind, however, as he pulled up before the rancho of old Mario Contrera, just as the sun dropped behind the Sierra Madres.

The house of the Contrera rancho was long and commodious, and close to what ought to have been water; there were trees about it that had been set out long ago, and still lived, bent but mighty. Only the orchards behind had died utterly in the desert air. And only old Mario Contrera himself, who now came out of the house to speak to Frazee, was bent like the trees: a man who had had unusual height, but had lost it in the twist of the years. His mustache was as gray as if it had been full of alkali, and he had a bitter, furrowed face.

"Contrera?"

"*Si.*"

"My name's Frazee," said the rider. They spoke in Spanish. "Any water in your crick?"

"None."

"Nor any in—"

"Nor any place this side of the border itself."

Frazee shrugged, swearing silently. "There's clouds, though, there on the Sierras, Contrera."

"Always! Always!" Contrera's words burst out of him in passionate gusts. "All this devil's own summer, clouds hanging on the Sierras. But rain? Never! Never! And may God witness—" He paused, and made a hopeless gesture. "But—dismount, my friend. You must be thirsty and hungry."

"*Gracias.*"

A RAGGED boy took Frazee's horse, and the two men walked together to the house. "*Como se va?*" said Frazee, flicking his eyes northeast.

Contrera was in no doubt as to what Frazee meant. What should anyone be asking about but the progress of the revolt? A dark emotion twisted old Mario's face as definitely as if it had been gripped by a hand.

"Esparza stands like a bull. He still holds Ojo Caliente."

"Good!"

"You favor the revolt?"

"I favor Cherry Frazee," said the rider harshly, indicating himself. He chuckled, but in a way that Contrera perhaps did not like. "That dust—there in the southeast—my cattle are raising that. Five thousand damned gaunt, black-tongued, low-horned head! That is—they were five thousand three days ago. Naturally, we're losing a few."

"I heard of your purchase, señor. And your drive up from Las Lomas. A valiant effort, my friend! I sympathize deeply."

"Sympathize?"

"This hell's own frying pan sucks the life out of cattle as if they were tadpoles, this year," said Contrera. "And to drive across it a starved and weakened herd—!"

Frazee laughed harshly. "I'll put them over the border in four days. And then—I've got hay at Loring, held for me until the tenth of August. Hay and water will fix 'em up."

"Ah, Loring," said Contrera. His voice suggested that Loring was two miles beyond doomsday, as far as Frazee's cattle were concerned. "The cows are strong? You have plenty of men?"

"The cattle can hardly stand; I have two men with me, and loafers at that!"

Contrera tossed up his hands.

Frazee grinned. It had taken all he had, and all his credit, to tie up hay at Loring, and to buy—even for a song—a drought-punished herd deep down in old Mexico. This, however, was the sort of battle with urgency that he liked and was made for. Long chances were his natural roads to fortune, punishment his meat.

Contrera stood aside to let Frazee precede him through a cool, dark hall to an inner patio where the earth was kept firm and dustless by the water it drew up—and wasted—from an enormous cistern in the middle.

Recognition took effect upon him with a sense of shock, and a small world of memories rushed through him like a flood released

A girl was standing by the cistern head. Instantly, before he saw her face at all, Frazee knew who this was. He would have known the shadow of her shadow in hell, by just the bend of her head. The recognition took effect upon Frazee with a curious sense of shock; and immediately a small world of memories rushed through him like a flood released—so swift, yet so complete, as to be less a recollection than an emotion.

FRANCISCA CONTRERA must have pretended not to hear them, for had she heard their approach it would have been her duty to remove herself from the patio. Young Spanish women did not receive chance strangers, under the reign of the old ways. But Frazee knew women well enough to know that she had probably watched him ride up from a long way off. All that went through his head when he first saw her standing by the cistern head, her face turned away.

But that was in the background, a shadow. The important thing was that he had once held this girl in his arms, and kissed her well enough to make her remember him, once and for all. That

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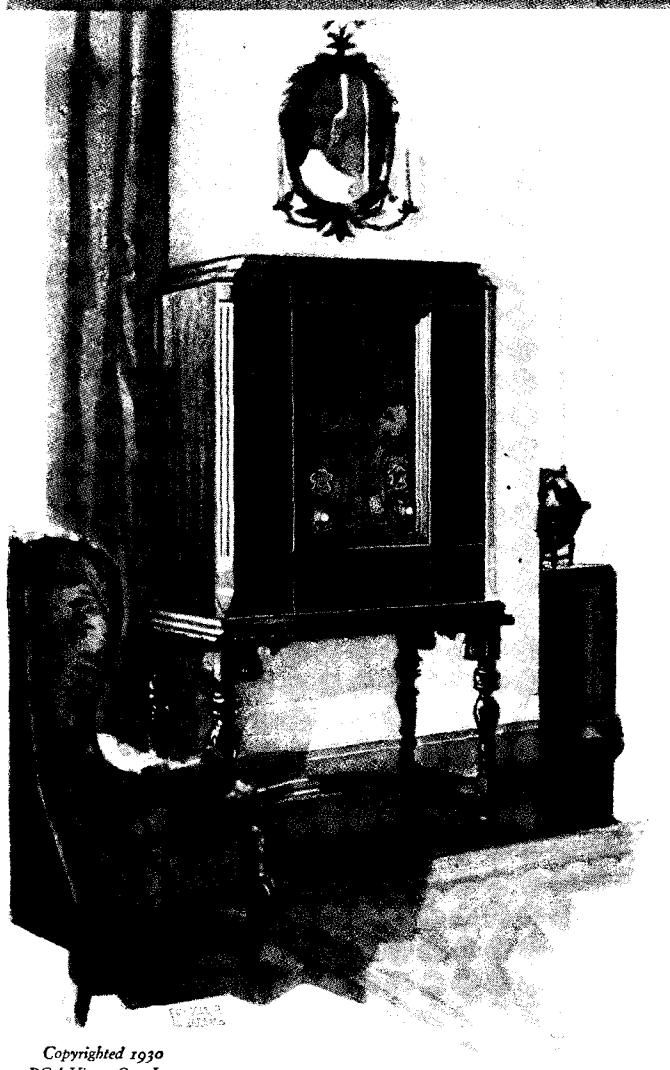

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had been at a fiesta that he had crashed at Monte Solano two years—three years ago, it must have been.

It had been a hard job, that day three years ago, to get a moment with her alone. So heavily chaperoned were those upper-class Spanish girls that few would have tried it. But Frazee had achieved perhaps three minutes alone with the girl in a shadowed walk that passed between a chapel and a clump of bamboo, and before her duenna had come seeking her he had seen all her pretended aloofness melt within the pressure of his arms.

Now, as she met his eyes for an instant in her father's patio, he saw the blood come into her face, and knew that she had had the same instant memory as he.

"Francisca," said Contrera, "let me present Señor Frazee—a drover." The last two words exploded ill-temperedly, telling Frazee that the introduction itself was intended as a rebuke. "My daughter," he said to Frazee with the same dryness. "We will excuse you, Francisca."

As she left them she sent Frazee a glance full of laughter, such as some women use to tease men who have had some small part of their favor, but will have no more. But what Frazee got out of it was a sudden conviction that he should have found out who she was, and searched her out again long ago. Until today, though he had remembered her often, he had never known her name.

A SMALL wizened priest—or was it a friar?—in a brown robe and an incongruous little stiff-brimmed straw hat, joined them as Contrera provided wine, and presently food. After the inevitable peppered beans and meat there was white tequila, and with the closing of the hot dark Contrera became a little more expansive. As the old rancher monotoned the history of his misfortunes, what with repeated war and everlasting drought, Frazee found that he sat stark awake, where he would have expected to drowse. He had glimpsed a white mantilla at a patio window, and knew that Francisca's eyes were upon him; and when this was gone he remained intensely conscious of the girl's presence in the house. He was listening and waiting, without knowing for what.

Mario Contrera seemed waiting also. Behind the old man's monotone was an edge, as if he knew that something was about to happen, or that some word was to arrive that was going to change the meaning of everything on that hot, dry plain. Yet, when that word came, it was Frazee who was the more openly affected.

A rider, a blunt-faced, swarthy man with Indian eyes, dropped off his horse before the outer door; and when he was admitted stood fumbling his hat before Contrera.

"Señor"—the messenger's words rattled like machine gunnery—"Esparza breaks! He falls back. His cavalry is God knows where. Ojo Caliente falls; he is beaten out of it. The army of the people is strung out for fifteen miles, and whoever is last, that is the rear guard, and protect themselves as they can. They say he cannot rally at the Moro as was thought; they say he will not stand now until Boleros; and if God does not strike over his shoulder there, it is done. They say—"

"You're sure of this?"

"Señor, I myself rode among the—"

"How far is the retreat from Ojo Caliente?" Frazee demanded.

"*No lejos.*" That was the Mexican measurement: far, or not far. It might mean a day's march or a mile.

"Will the advance reach Boleros tomorrow night?"

"Señor, no! I am only here because I rode like the cinders of hell. Esparza—"

"In two days then?"

"As God wills."

Frazee smashed a furious fist down upon the table, and smoking words rumbled in his throat.

"Loring will never see the cattle of Frazee, señor," said Contrera with weary amusement. "In two days—three—there will be a twenty-mile wall of starving soldiery between. It is confiscation, señor!"

"They'll have to come fast, then," swore Frazee. "I'm a long shot nearer Boleros than he is, and once my herd point sets hoof—"

"I understood your cattle could hardly stand up," said Contrera.

"By God, I'll hold 'em up if I have to tail 'em up! If that herd stops here it'll die where it stands. If only I had twenty—"

"I have not a man to spare you," Contrera forestalled him.

FRAZEE'S ears still drummed with the beating shuffle and bawl of that low-headed, spraddle-legged herd of his. To bring that herd to feed and water was to send his fortunes rocketing; to fail in this or to walk into confiscation at Boleros was to lose everything he had. The chance had been a slender one to begin with, and the odds were multiplying against him; yet, inarticulately, a sense of approaching triumph was upon him.

"I tell you this," said Frazee, his voice low and harsh. "Everything I have is in that herd of cattle. As you say, I cannot drive cattle through a rout of starving men. But if I'm first to Boleros, if I get that herd to the border—"

"I have not a man to spare you," said Contrera again. "I'm sorry, my friend."

Frazee relaxed and grinned.

"*Bueno,*" he said. "I have only two men, and those worthless; but I'll put four thousand of those five thousand head over the line!"

"Three men, with half-dead cattle, reach Boleros before Esparza? Impossible!"

"You'll see it done before the week's out."

Contrera shivered. "It's time for sleep," he said wearily. "A man is lucky to have a bed, and a roof over it, in times like these."

Alone in the little cell-like room assigned him, Frazee stood looking out of the window. The brush-dotted plain lay flat and silent under hot, brassy stars, and the Madres were lost in the dark. The broken whisper beyond the northeast horizon seemed stronger now.

The yammer of a coyote drowned the ragged murmur of the distant guns, and he turned away. Slowly he stripped, and sponged himself with tepid water from an earthen jar. Slowly also he pulled on his dusty clothes. He meant to be gone from there long before dawn.

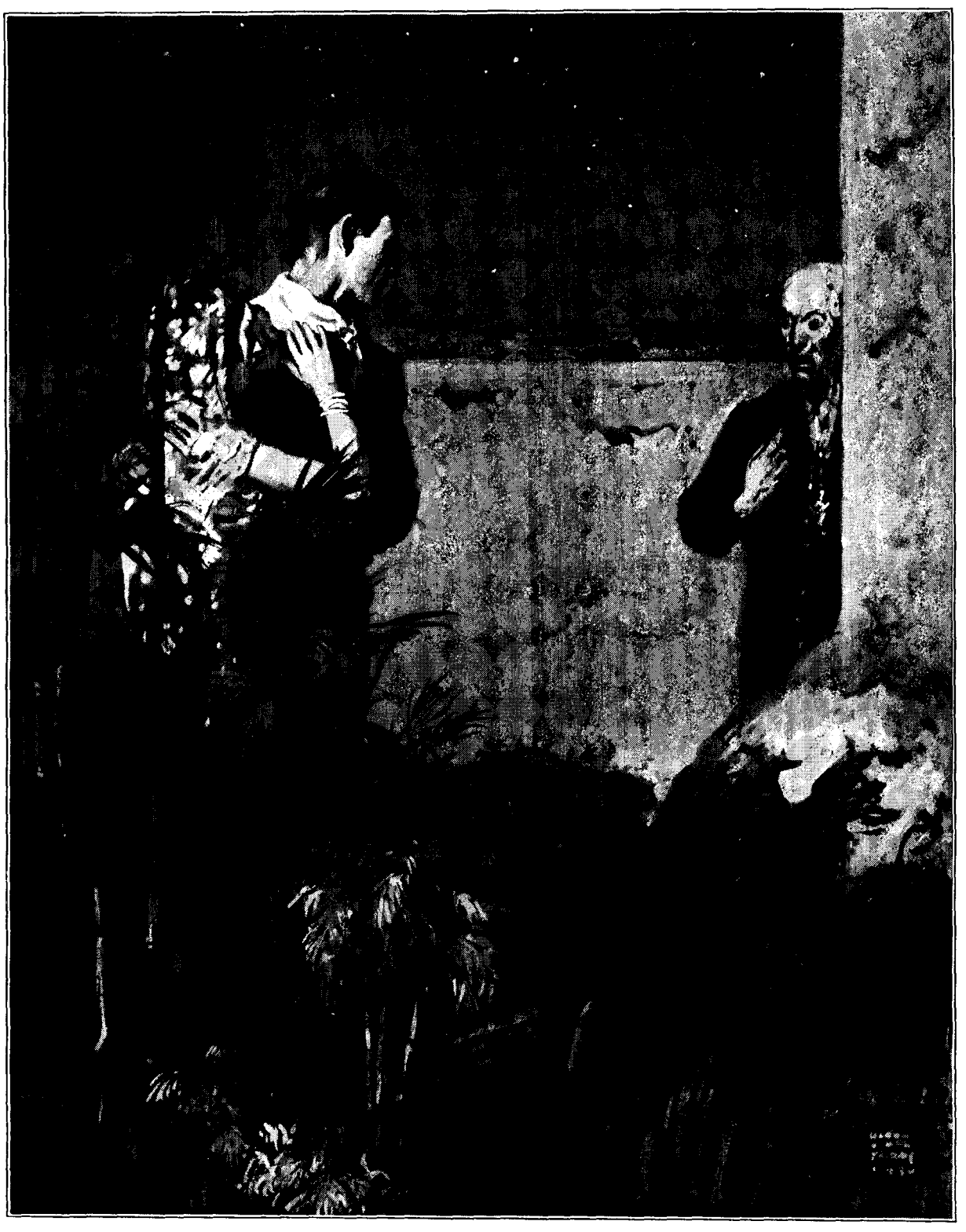
Then suddenly he became acutely conscious again that the girl was somewhere near at hand, in the same household, under the same roof. She had been partly eclipsed, for a little while, by the necessities of his low-headed herd; but now his mind filled with her so completely that he could not stretch out on his bed, nor attempt sleep.

He considered the lay-out of the rancho; and what he instantly pictured was the dry, withered orchard, divided by the dry serpentine bed of the river that had failed the trees.

FRAZEE stepped to his window. It was set with bars, but the first one that he tried cracked in his grip. Those bars must have been eaten into shells by the dry rot, for three or four of them almost went to dust as he broke them out with his hands, and stepped out into the open starlight of the plain.

Quiet-footed, he walked where the brown-leafed willows stood hot and lonely under the stars, marking the course of the waterless river. Then his eyes found a gleam of white, and he grinned, and the night was lonely no more.

(*Continued on page 36*)



A strange-voiced exclamation: the cry of an old man who comes sharply upon unutterable horror

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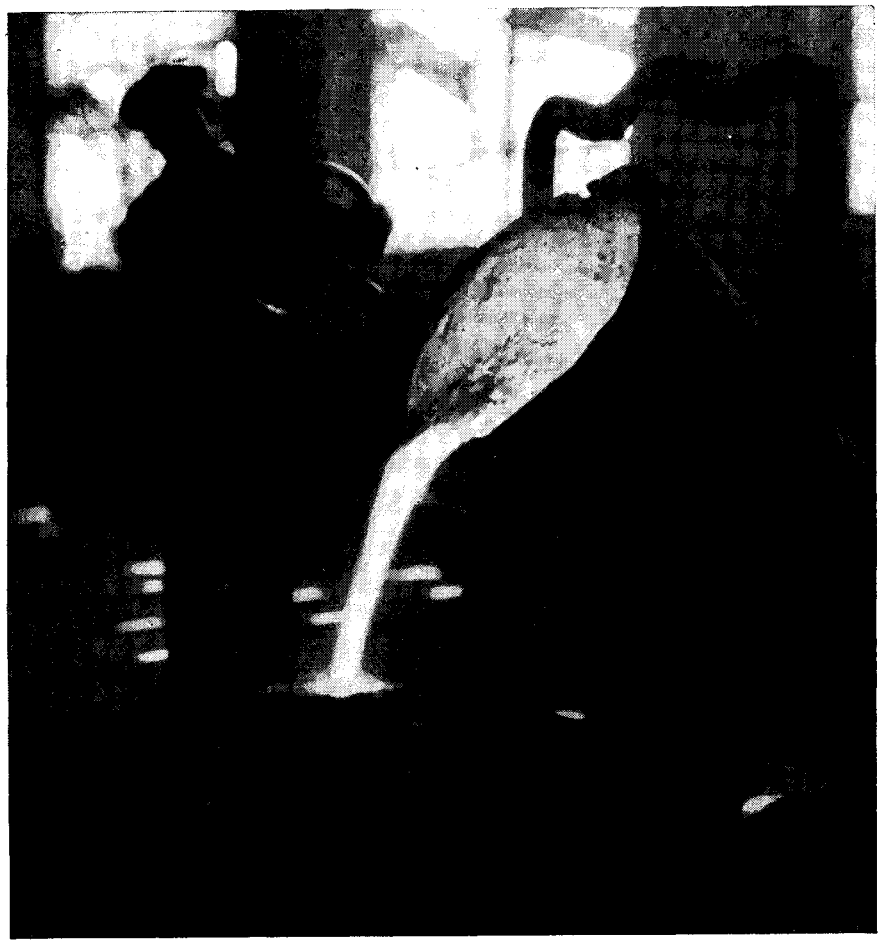
How General Motors



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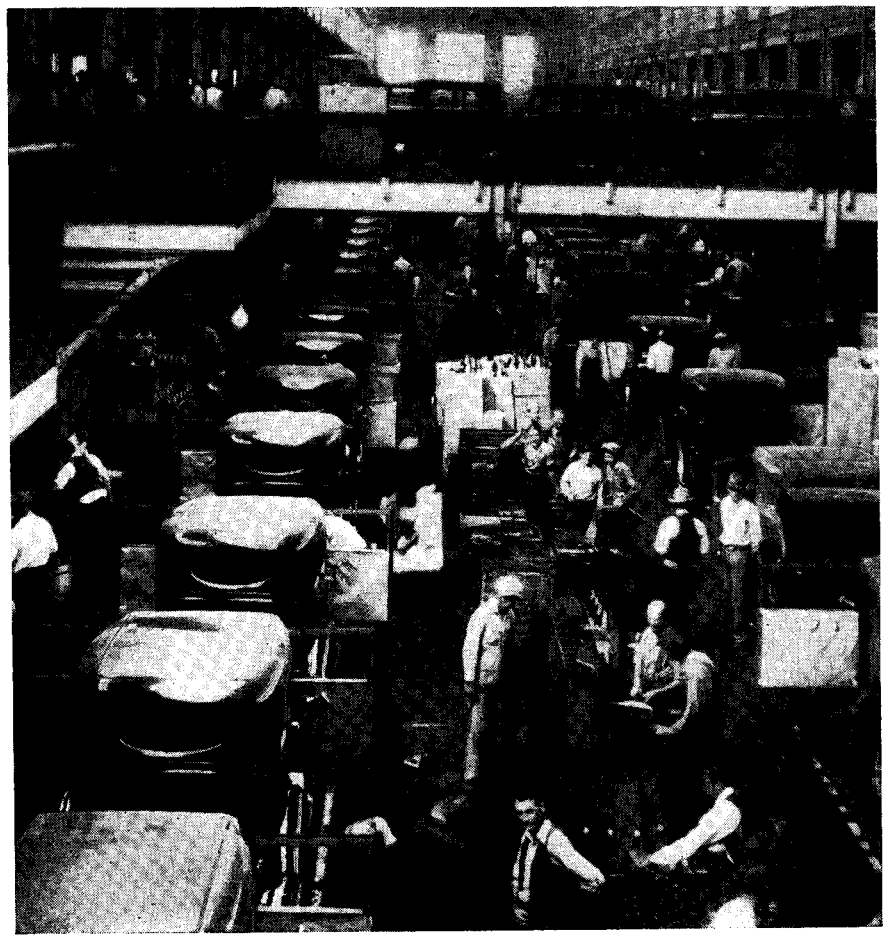

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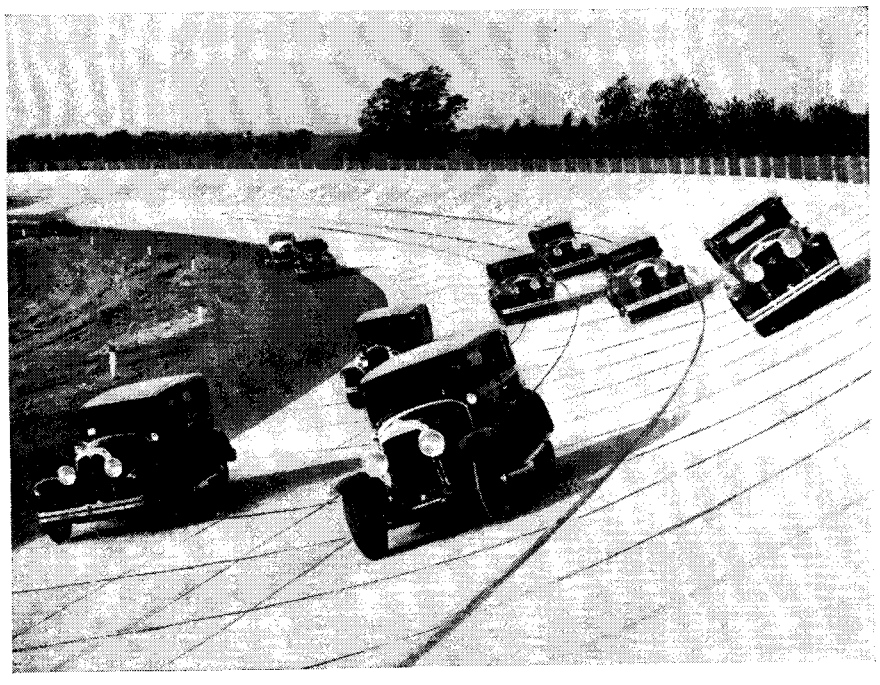

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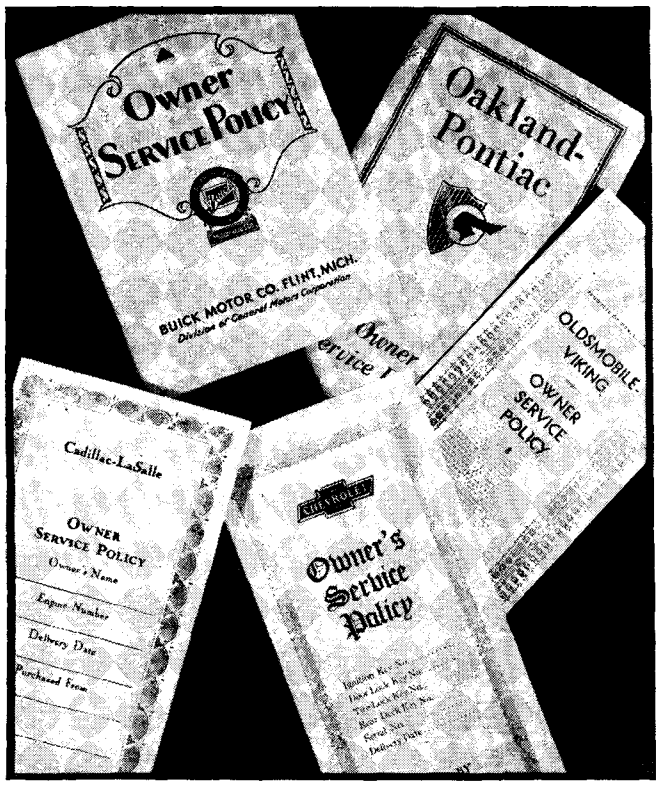
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1,020 Marquette Sport Coupe
1,025 Oakland Roadster
1,045 Oakland Coupe
1,060 Marquette Sedan
1,060 Oldsmobile Patrician Sedan
1,065 Oakland 2-Door Sedan
1,075 Oakland Phaeton
1,115 Oakland Sport Coupe
1,145 Oakland Sedan
1,195 Oakland Custom Sedan
1,260 Buick "46" Business Coupe
1,270 Buick "40" 2-Door Sedan
1,300 Buick "46-S" Coupe
1,310 Buick "44" Roadster
1,310 Buick "45" Phaeton
1,330 Buick "47" Sedan
1,510 Buick "58" Coupe
1,540 Buick "57" Sedan
1,585 Buick "64" Roadster
1,595 Buick "69" Phaeton
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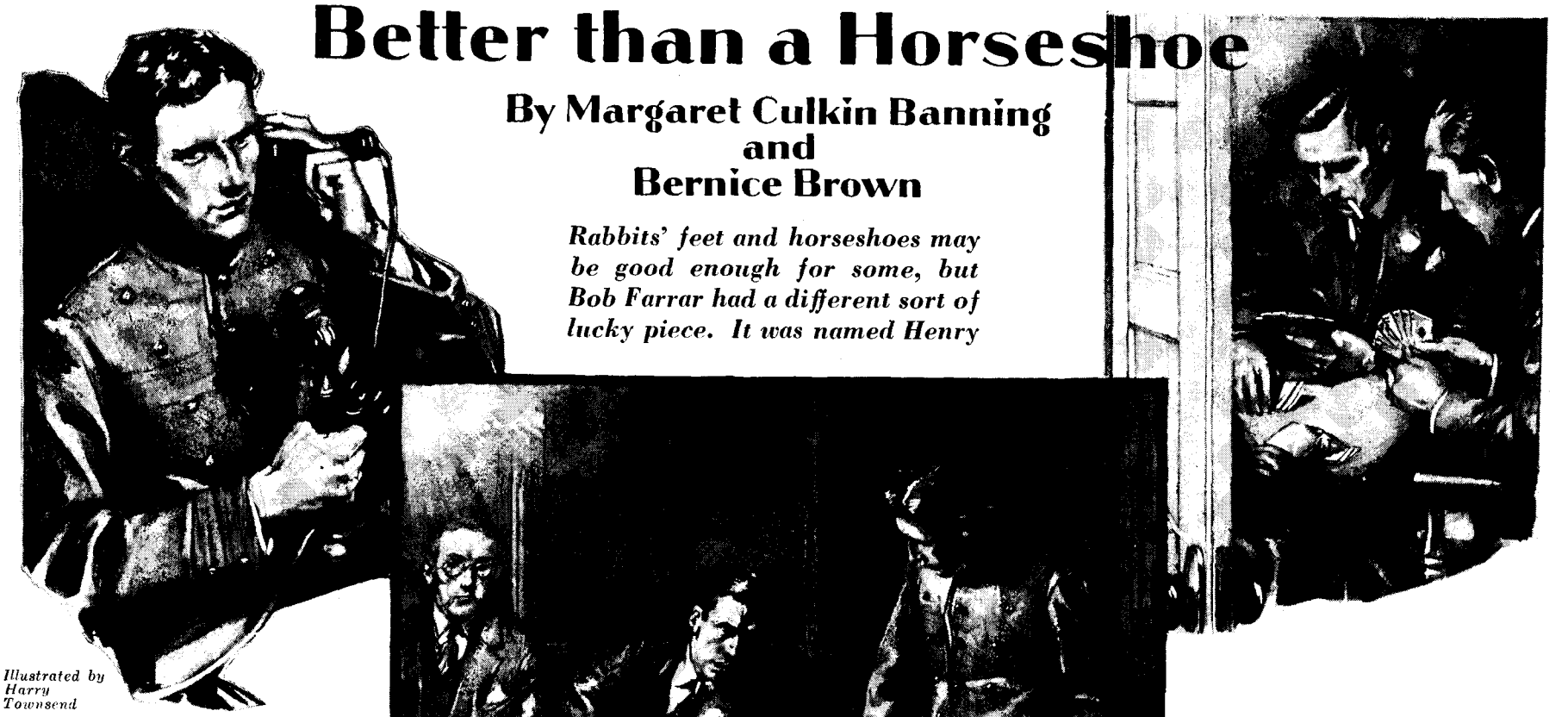
Better than a Horseshoe

By Margaret Culkin Banning and Bernice Brown

Rabbits' feet and horseshoes may be good enough for some, but Bob Farrar had a different sort of lucky piece. It was named Henry



Illustrated by Harry Townsend

"You ought to be sorry," snapped Lyons. "What are you doing, anyway?"

HENRY brought a package of Judge Whittemore's favorite brand of cigarettes into the cardroom, laid it on the table and waited, careful not to allow himself a motion which might interfere with the suspense of that concentrated moment when the extra trick hung in the balance. Henry was the clubhouse boy and that was all he ever would be. He was thirty years of age, or even more, with a lean body and eyes haggard from night service.

It was so silent in the room that every light snap of the cards and the rather heavy breathing of the men were audible.

"You just got by with that finesse, Dillworth. Otherwise you'd have been sunk."

"Nice hand to play," said Dillworth, his face purple red in the flare from his lighter. He cast a triumphant eye on the score. "One of the most interesting hands I ever held. Never had a combination like that before in my life."

"I have. I held about that very hand once in this very room. Made a killing, too. Let's see. I was playing with—" Judge Whittemore hesitated and then decided to finish, though his tone changed: "I was playing with young Bob Farrar."

Over each of the men's faces crept the tightening of thought. Four rich men, taking their ease in the comfortable security of their club, their minds halted abruptly at the memory of Farrar.

"Guess he's not playing much bridge where he is now."

"Learning to make brooms, more likely."

"The luck that fellow had at cards!" It was Stanley Cotterell, Jr., one of those middle-aged juniors who retain their first-check signatures long after reaching family seniority, who remembered that. "He was my partner here one night and we cleaned up five hundred dollars. Played until six in the morning. Lord, he never lost track of a card."

Dillworth chuckled sardonically. "He lost track of his outstanding obligations considerably, and a few laws concerning abstraction of funds into the bargain."

With the cautious stealth of a perfect servant Henry folded up the legs of a deserted card table and put it in a closet.

"He's got one year more to go," said Cotterell. "Wonder what happens to a man like that when he comes out of prison?"

"He gets a job," said Dillworth.

Lyons laughed. Lyons was the fourth man at the bridge table. Henry knew Mr. Lyons. He knew them all. For fifteen years Henry had been house-boy in the Riverside Club. Indeed, they would have been amazed and a little appalled had they guessed how much Henry knew about them.

HE KNEW about the time Judge Whittemore's son was carrying on with the girl who sold tickets at the Empire Theater. He knew when it was touch and go whether Jasper Dillworth would pull out of that copper deal. He knew how Stanley Cotterell's wife had never quite got over the nervous breakdown she had when her only daughter eloped with a vaudeville actor. Yes, he knew them in season and out, fortunate and oppressed, drunk and sober. He knew of their animosities, their loyalties, their heartbreaks. One isn't house-boy until he becomes a man, for fifteen years in a club, for nothing.

Henry collected the scattered cards on a third table.

"Who'd give Farrar a job?" That was Lyons. Henry, who heard so much conversation, had heard that Bob Farrar's brokerage firm had made a lot of money for Fred Lyons and that people even hinted it was Lyons' pressure for money due him personally that had made Farrar overextend himself and end in jail. "I wouldn't trust him with a lead nickel."

Of all the men in the club Henry disliked, he disliked Fred Lyons the most. There was nothing you could put your fingers on perhaps, but he was mean. Henry knew it. He had heard Lyons snap at his own boy, a nice boy, too, like his mother. Henry knew that Mrs. Lyons, for all her limousine and her mink coat, was not a happy woman. There was a look in her eyes which Henry understood. He too was sometimes bullied. She was too stout to be appealing, too self-conscious to be amusing. Henry knew the general consensus was that she was dull.

"He married her young," Henry had heard Stanley Cotterell say once, "and it didn't take leisure to make him repent."

Judge Whittemore stretched out his long legs. "I always sort of liked young Farrar."

Lyons snorted. "You ought to get the government to move your bench to Chicago."

Judge Whittemore looked up. "Oh, I'd have convicted him all right, if his case had come up before me. But that's got nothing to do with my personal feelings. It's too bad Farrar didn't go a little straighter." He looked at the three others and his homely face smoothed out into a grin. "I miss him around here. He had a sort of gayety that doesn't come often to us self-advertised Nordics."

Henry, as he folded up a second bridge table, thought so too. Yes, he remembered Mr. Farrar well. He'd been a handsome chap, and so light-hearted. Well he remembered the time Mr. Farrar had said to him, when he brought out the chips at the beginning of a poker game, "Henry, if I like you as well tomorrow morning as I do now, I'll give you twenty dollars."

Most men would have forgotten that, especially when they were slightly in their cups. But Mr. Farrar hadn't.

"You're better luck to me than a horseshoe, my lad," Mr. Farrar had said. Henry was a good five years older than Mr. Farrar. "And it wasn't your fault either that the stuff you brought us came out of a well."

YES, Henry liked Mr. Farrar. He had a way of noticing you that made you feel you weren't just another piece of furniture. He had a heart in him. Henry felt a certain warmth toward Judge Whittemore for defending Farrar.

"I don't see how he got off with only five years," Lyons was saying. "Fellows like him ought to be kept shut up."

"I understand Mrs. Farrar is in town," said Stanley Cotterell.

Henry cast just the merest glance in Fred Lyons' direction. Henry was busy putting up a third card table.

"Here in town?" Yes, thought Henry, Fred Lyons had given a pretty good imitation of surprise.

"Staying with Madge Porter," Stanley Cotterell went on. "She had to see about re-renting the house and you know Madge."

"Madge," said Dillworth, "has always

(Continued on page 49)

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James Billmyer

The first task is to educate women themselves to the point where they will seek medical advice

Mothers in Danger

The United States has one distinction which none of her citizens can be proud of: We lead the world in maternal mortality. In this article Dr. Wadsworth tells what can be and what is being done about it

By Ruth F. Wadsworth, M.D.

THE small daughter of a Presbyterian friend of mine begged me, not long ago, to take her with me to a service at the Episcopal Church. I warned her that the service was long and complicated, and that she probably would be tired and bored before it was over, but she insisted. During the service I found the places for her in the Prayer Book and she read the responses with enthusiasm, always a bit ahead of the rest of the congregation, until we came to a certain part of the Litany. Then I noticed that she was silent, and thereafter I was afraid that my prediction had come true, for she sat quietly at my side, in what seemed a state of depression.

As we walked home I asked her, "Did you get tired of reading the responses, Marian?"

"Oh, no," she said. "It wasn't hard to say 'we beseech Thee to hear us, Good Lord,' over and over again. But did you hear one of the things the minister said?" I remembered with a start the passage at which she had become silent. It was:

"That it may please Thee to preserve all who travel by land or by water, all women in the perils of childbirth—" etc.

"I *knew*," she went on, "that it hurt to have a baby, but I didn't know it was *perilous*. Is it?"

"Yes," I admitted. "Sometimes."

"Well," she said. "Why don't you *do* something about it?"

Which, if she had but known it, is a question which is being put, every day more insistently, by persons of all classes, to those of the medical profession.

What the Figures Mean

The recent publication, not in medical journals alone but in magazines which reach all classes of the laity, of statistics of maternal mortality has given the world a jolt. Moreover, comparative statistics showing the rates for different civilized countries have not reflected glory on the great country of which we are so proud. We might take it calmly, perhaps, that there has been no improvement in the rate of maternal mortality in this country since 1915, but when we know that there is only one other country, of those which record maternal deaths, which can show a rate as high as ours, our patriotic pride is deeply touched. Moreover, when we know that our own rate had not only failed to improve, but had become the least bit worse—whereas other countries, such as Belgium, Chile, Finland, Japan, New Zealand and Spain, have improved their rate—we grow actively alarmed.

The second task is to improve the standards of care of women

Before we get into a state of patriotic depression, let me say that the best authorities admit that while statistics do not lie, these particular statistics do not give an entirely true picture of the facts. In other words, we are not as black as the statistics paint us. We include in our deaths from childbirth, in this country, all deaths from abortion, criminal and otherwise, which many countries do not do. We have a large number of transplanted citizens who have not acclimated themselves well in this country, and their maternal death rate is nearly twice as high as that of what we may call the truly native population. The Negro death rate, for instance, is consistently higher than the white, from maternal causes. Another fact which raises our rate is the sparsely populated condition of great areas of our country, which removes many women from the possibility of medical care or hospitalization.

Not that we can afford to minimize the gravity of the facts of the maternal death rate in this country. But there is no particular advantage in getting an inferiority complex about it. As the doctor who is in charge of investigating the matter for the Academy of Medicine in New York said to me recently, "Whether our rate is higher than that of other countries or not is not so important. What *is* important, is that our own rate has not improved."

All of us, I think, have an instinctive feeling that bearing children is a natural, and should be a simple and normal, function. We are willing to admit that accidents may happen in childbirth, just as they may happen in the course of any normal healthy life. But we cannot look calmly on the facts, if we know them, about the deaths of women after childbirth from *preventable causes;* of women who were anatomically and physiologically fitted to bear children.

Without being sentimental about it, we believe that the death of a woman during or just after childbirth is the most tragic event imaginable. And we know that it is not only tragic—in many cases it is stupid; it is removing from life a human being at the highest point of her usefulness. If we can do anything about preventing it, it is not only humane to do it, but efficient, and the sporting thing to do. We cannot sit back and say, "One woman in one hundred and fifty dies in childbirth. It is a chance all women have to take. Let nature take its course." All women should not have to take that chance. And we are too far removed from nature in other respects to sit back and let it take its course in this respect, especially as in many cases the death is *not* due to letting nature take its course.

Let us, without being too technical, look for a minute at the chief causes of maternal mortality, and see just how much we can blame nature.

To Be Specific

1. Diseases of pregnancy. The names of these diseases which are recognizable by everybody are: Pernicious vomiting; kidney disease; convulsions. In most cases these diseases are possible to diagnose early, and much may be done to check them and prevent a fatal termination. Although we still blame nature for the onset of such ailments of pregnancy, there is no reason why we should let them go unchecked. In other words, they must be watched for constantly, in order to be controlled.

2. Accidents of labor, such as hemorrhage, prolonged labor and malformations or malpositions. In this class are the majority of deaths which are very difficult to prevent, even with expert care. It is significant that in 1927 only one third of the maternal deaths in the United States fell in this class.

3. Childbed fever, also known as puerperal septicæmia or blood poisoning following labor. As a cause of maternal death this stands first. Its proportion to other causes of death is variously given by different authorities as from thirty-five to forty-five per cent. The percentage of deaths from this cause has not decreased in the last fifteen years in any country, strangely enough. With the introduction of aseptic surgical methods in obstetrics there was an immediate and striking fall in the number of deaths from this cause, but the persistence of a high percentage of fatalities from infection shows that we are

(*Continued on page 55*)

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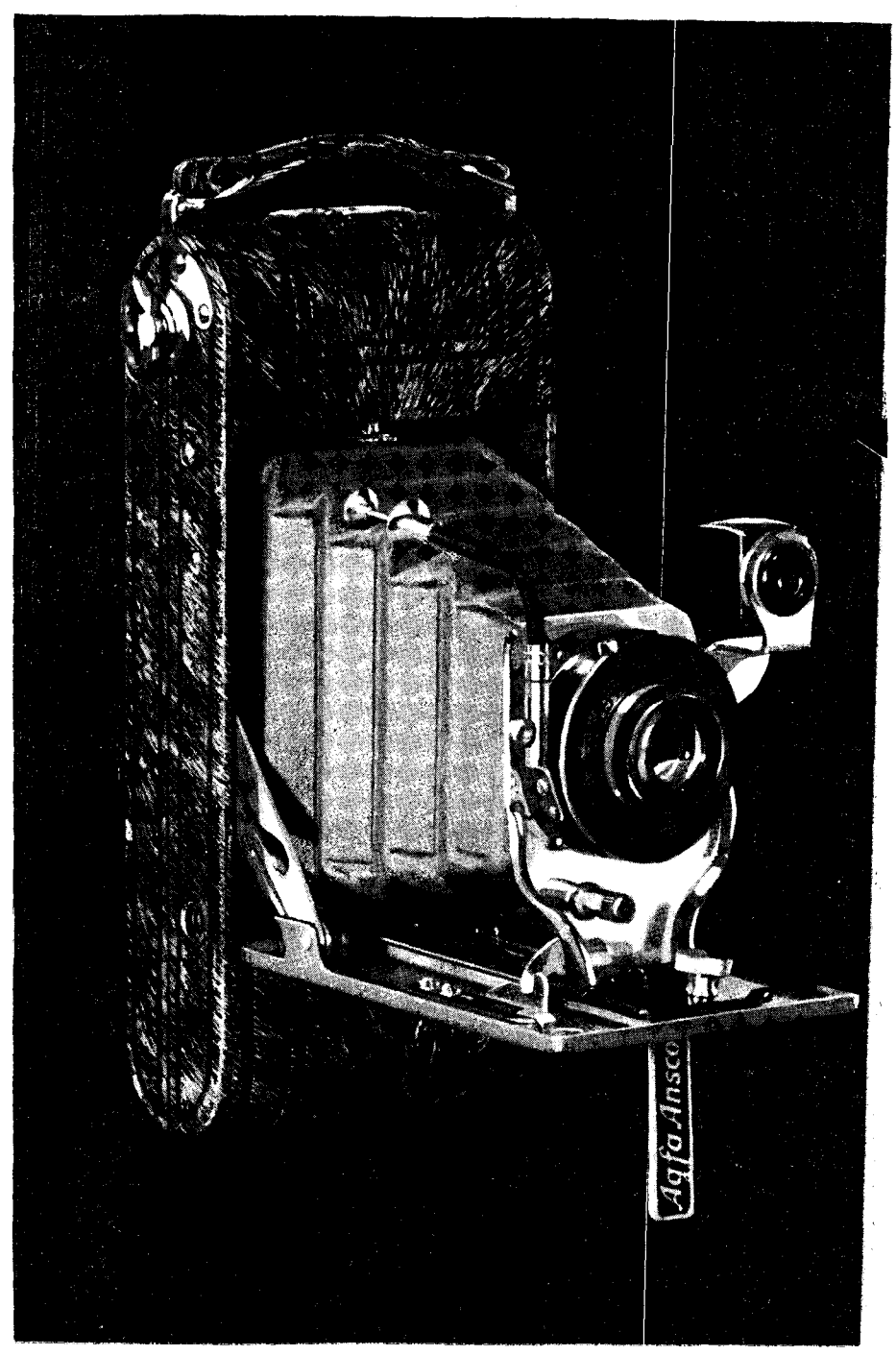

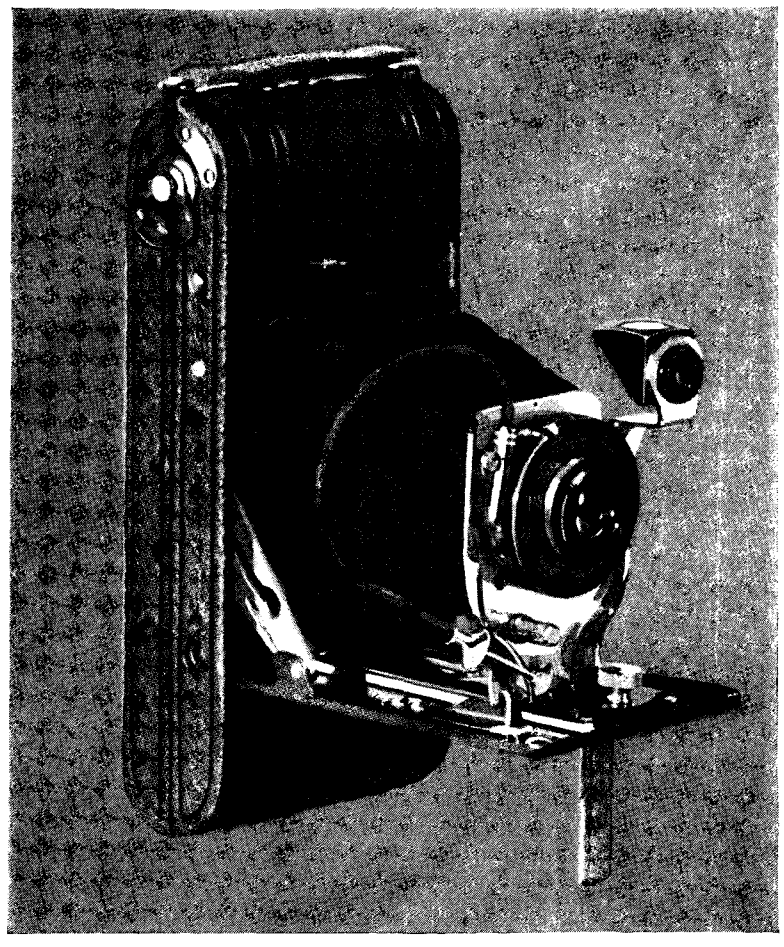

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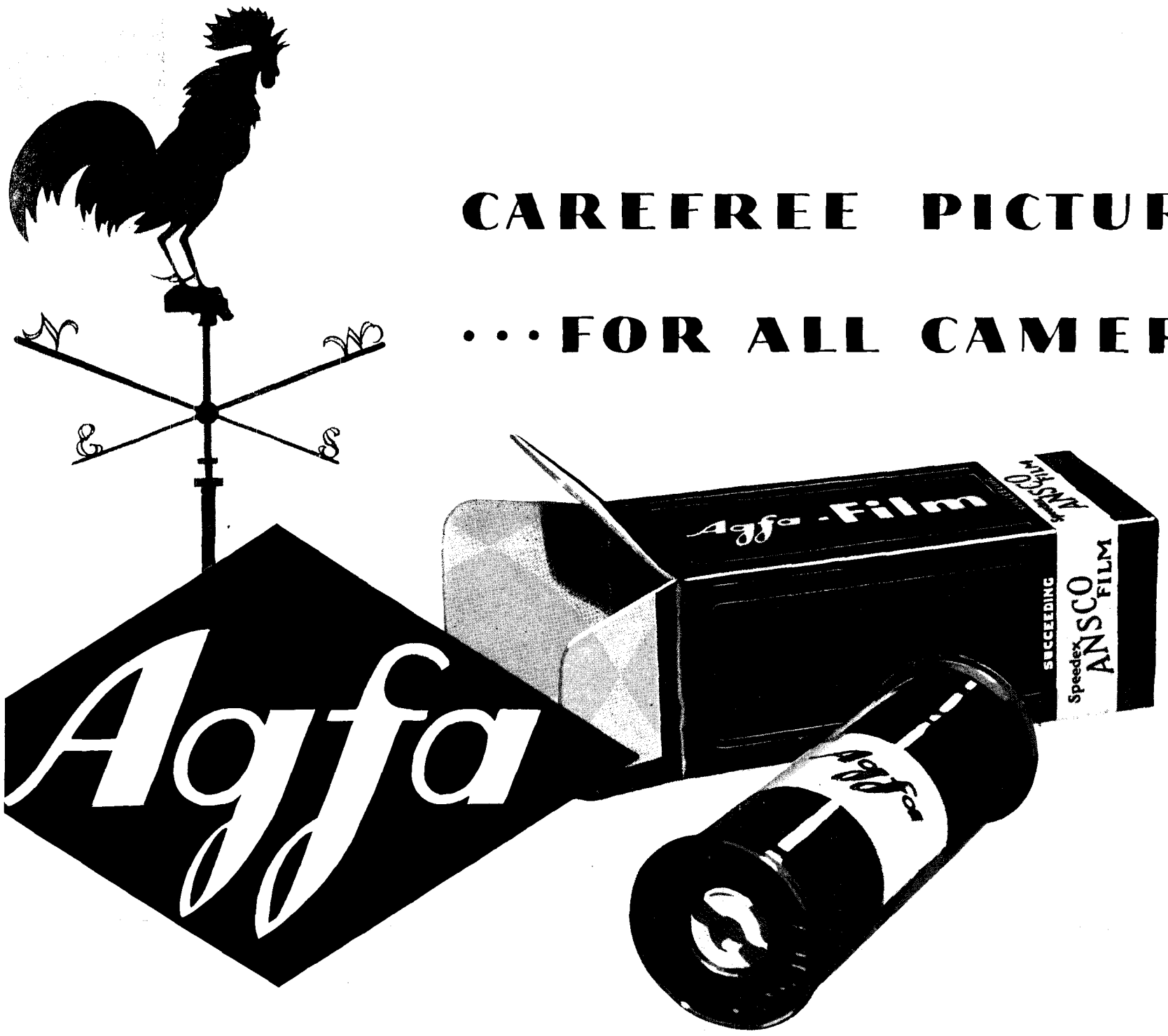

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Beating Time

Clarence De Mar at forty-two is still winning marathons; the veteran Earl Sande comes back to double fame; some of this year's best tennis was played by Big Bill Tilden and Rabbit Maranville is as spry as ever —all very puzzling to those with fixed ideas about the right age for athletes

By Grantland Rice

Drawing by Johan Bull

A FEW years ago a famous jockey, Earl Sande, got caught in one of the worst spills in the history of racing. He was in the hospital for many months and at his age—old for a jockey—no one believed that he would ever ride again.

Early this spring a new combination suddenly appeared on the racing horizon. A horse named Gallant Fox and a rider named Sande. The horse was only three years old. The rider was deep in the veteran class with some thirteen or fourteen years of service.

They won the Woods Memorial, but not so much was said about that. There was a lot more said, however, a short while later when Earl Sande, again riding Gallant Fox, came out of a pocket from far behind to pass Crack Brigade just a few strides from the finish line and win the rich Preakness by a neck.

From Baltimore they moved on to Louisville and shortly after noon on the Friday before the Kentucky Derby day a tired-looking little fellow might have been seen jogging around on foot. He was trying to take off two pounds for the next day's start. When the big field got away next day some 60,000 spectators suddenly knew the race was over when Sande and Gallant Fox romped into the lead at the half-mile post.

Misfortune Added Spur

One challenger after another came up and fell back. Earl Sande, the broken and battered jockey who was through years ago, or supposed to be through, had come back to win the Preakness and the Kentucky Derby, only the second time in turf history that this double feat had been accomplished.

There are certain old-timers in sport to whom the clock and the calendar mean nothing and to whom misfortune is merely an added spur.

Six years ago I saw Clarence De Mar try to win the Olympic marathon, run outside of Paris on one of the hottest days that ever burned out a big field. He was then thirty-six years old and had been running marathon races for seventeen years.

The heat was more than he could stand that day and the New England school-teacher couldn't quite make it. That race was supposed to be the swan song of the veteran's long-distance career. In another marathon race this spring in Boston the same De Mar was one of the starters. Anyone game enough to enter a marathon at the age of forty-two has to be applauded, but after all there must be a limit. It takes a lot of leg power to travel more than twenty-six miles, up hill and down, cross-country and cross-town.

True enough, in a marathon there is no quick starting or quick stopping. But no fading legs are going to carry the human body more than twenty-six miles in fast time without the use of a bicycle.

Clarence De Mar was riding no bicycle when he led the big pack home that spring day. He had shown even greater stamina after forty than he had been able to show in his early thirties.

While Jack Quinn of the Athletics, Red Faber of the White Sox and Grover Alexander of the Phillies can go back from twenty to twenty-five years, there is still another time-beating marvel who looks about the same age and shows practically the same spryness he carried into action eighteen years ago. The clock and the calendar have meant nothing at all to Walter James Vincent Maranville, better known as the Rabbit, who was the main factor in the spring success of the Boston Braves.

The bounding, irrepressible Rabbit started with the Braves eighteen years ago. Then he began his winding pilgrimage with the Pirates, Cubs, Dodgers and Cardinals and when they all decided he was about through the same Walter James Vincent Maranville popped up with the Braves again and began to show young stars how to play shortstop, how to hustle, how to hit and run the bases.

To find a ball player who can stick around for eighteen years is not astonishing, although few last that long as regulars. To find one who after eighteen years is the spark plug of the team, still covering more ground than a prairie fire or a roving antelope, is quite astonishing.

How Maranville has kept so much of his early starting speed is a mystery. Legs often hold out for endurance tests that have lost much of the early spring for quick starts and quick stops, for sudden swerves and sweeps. The Rabbit seems to be just as fast as he was back in 1914 when he teamed up with Johnny Evers around second to help crush the Athletics in four straight games. None of the old fire is missing. He might have started his baseball career a year ago, so far as keenness and enthusiasm go.

Which recalls the fact that another old-timer has done well enough this season. His name is Sam Rice. He came to Washington in 1915 and this is his sixteenth season as a Senatorial slugger.

Rice happens to be one of the best golfers in baseball. Which is fair proof that golf and baseball can still mix a trifle.

It was the hard and timely hitting of Sam Rice and his fine outfield play that helped to give Walter Johnson's Senators a spring jump to the top and put them in the pennant hunt.

Accumulating New Laurels

In a recent series with the Athletics Babe Ruth helped to celebrate his seventeenth season by hitting six home runs in two days. Four of the six were among the longest he had ever hit, terrific smacks that zoomed over the fences and cleared the roofs of houses across the street.

One of the most remarkable of the veteran performances for the early part of 1930 belongs to Bill Tilden. Tilden was playing pretty good tennis around intercollegiate ranks sixteen years ago. And while he was supposed to be slipping badly during the past two years he suddenly broke loose this spring and summer with some of the finest tennis he has ever shown.

While all this was taking place Walter Hagen, the most famous of the golf veterans, was touring Australia and other places in the Far East, hoping again to make one more notable stand in the U. S. Open at Interlaken, Minneapolis, in July. Hagen is now about Tilden's age but he still has a bundle of great rounds left in his golf bag of tricks.

The Old Guard is doing extremely well. Tilden, Sam Rice and Hagen, De Mar and Ruth and Sande—all hold their own in the day of flashy newcomers

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Jack of Parts

Jack Oakie became the talk of the talkies when he proved he could play the roughneck opposite nice, demure girls, a rougher-neck against hoydens, a shy boy with society queens and a wise-cracker to the sophisticated. A fair record for an ex-chorus man who was once a broker's clerk

By John B. Kennedy

CONSIDERING their current repute, you would not look hopefully among ranks of chorus boys for a typical roughneck. And if Mr. Phineas Barnum had been living to witness a brief and violent scene backstage at a New York musical comedy, he would doubtless have secured one of the principals, tagged him a freak and charged you admission to see him in the circus.

The name is Oakie—Jack Oakie.

As a chorus man in the ensemble of Miss Innocence, starring Mademoiselle Mistinguette of the patent-protected legs, Oakie went through dance routines with a dozen or so other lads. All were held in rather acute scorn by stage hands and mechanics. One stage hand was not only truculent but articulate. As the boys were prancing shoulder to shoulder in an elaborate exeunt, this gentleman emitted what is known in the vernacular as a Bronx cheer, a noise that blends a blow-out and the impact of an overripe tomato.

Chorusman Oakie stepped out of line.

"Hello, sissy," piped the stage hand.

That was all he piped. A swift uppercut sent him reeling and when he returned to the fray—interval indicates the passage of five minutes—Oakie did not return for another ensemble, and the stage hand did not get home to dinner. Both were nursing wounds. The stage hand nursed his longer.

To the same show—before we proceed to more important matters in the Oakie memoirs—there came a movie producer one day, eyes weary with an unsatisfied search for youthful talent. He looked over the play, learned that Mistinguette, the principal, had a son tall enough to be a Northwest Mounted cop, sighed deeply and was about to depart when a quartet singing and dancing kept him there. He saw and heard, shrugged his shoulders and muttered:

"Young, but they won't do, they won't do. Not enough screen presence."

And he may have been right, although the coming of the talkies brought about the coming to starhood of three of the four—Jack Oakie, Joan Crawford and Nancy Carroll. The fourth is now a British dancing star of magnitude.

Between magnitude and mediocrity, so far as Mr. Oakie is concerned, we are compelled to reach back to the mauve days in Sedalia, Missouri, where a boy of seven named Lewis Offield, after, of course, his father (who was French), looked a great deal like his Irish mother, née Evelyn Murray.

Lewis was a local Huckleberry Finn, always getting into trouble. He began by not taking himself seriously and ended by not taking school seriously.

Paramount Pictures

Jack Oakie: Made to order for the talkies

He originated a reading club, which met in his father's hay and feed barn. Pious attempt at enlightenment. But what reading! In those days the boys and girls were deemed too worldly if their fancy ran to Deadshot Dick and the lurid Frank Reade tales. They had not the luck of a newer generation which can discuss Dreiser's less Sunday-schoolish stuff, and even have a smattering of the brand of literature dispensed by Proust and Dostoevski.

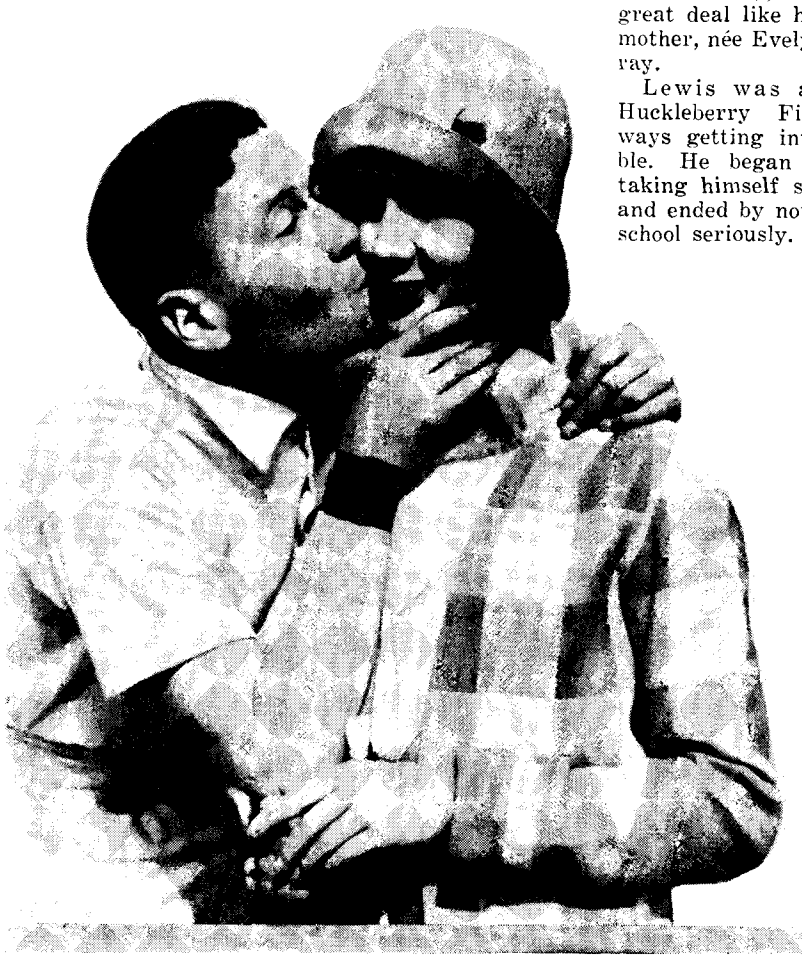
The club might never have been uncovered but for an experiment made by an English teacher. He gave the lads a home exercise—to describe a typical prairie scene in the Wild West. Their research was to be limited to an approved school reader no more rowdy than Mr. McGuffey's limpid and limping primers. By surprising coincidence, the lads all turned up with elegant passages descriptive of prairie scenes, lively prairie scenes, in which vigorous gents spoke in asterisks and knocked off obstreperous red men who apparently thrived on a diet of dust. Investigation disclosed that each and every effort had been plagiarized from a sequence of Buffalo Bill novelettes.

This was one of Master Offield's less picturesque episodes. He really taxed the patience of the school authorities by producing a version of Mary Had a Little Lamb in modern clothes. He kidnapped an Italian organ-grinder's monkey and carried it to school, hiding it in his desk until the solemn moment when recitations for the week were in order. The monkey got a great hand—from his classmates, and no less great a foot from the school janitor.

After that and a few similarly intellectual displays of budding talent it was intimated to his parents that Master Offield might some day run away and join a circus and it would be all for the best. As the family moved to Oklahoma, everybody concerned felt that fate had intervened to solve a problem.

The problem acquired more schooling in Oklahoma, some of which stuck by vigilance of an Irish school-teacher for whom practical jokers were made to order. He was something of a practical joker himself. Master Offield, perhaps the world's best shot with spitballs, showed his technique by firing one at the blackboard

(*Continued on page 48*)



The delectable young lady is Mary Brian, and Jack, just to prove that anything is possible in Hollywood, catches himself in the act

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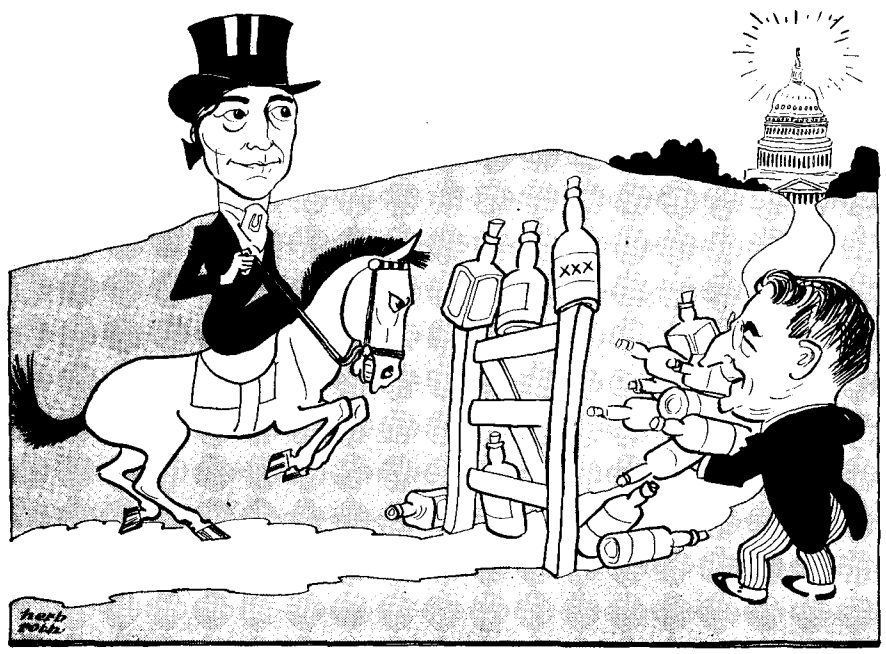

Wine, Women and Votes

By THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE

RESPECTABLE middle-aged gentlemen sit in their clubs in Chicago and discuss the Awful Thing that has happened, a woman running for senator from Illinois. "Why," one remarks, "they are already talking of her for Vice President! The first thing you know she will be running for President!"

The others wag their heads over the Danger. "This thing has got to stop somewhere." And they indicate a determination to vote for a Democrat for the first time in their lives. No doubt there are many of them and their sentiment is probably shared by not a few of the other sex, who are of the opinion that the place for woman is in the home. On such prejudices does the outcome of elections depend.

Ah, but, you remark, there have been several ladies elected to the lower house of Congress, including the skirted peril of Illinois. Yes, give the males a chance to vote sentimentally for a congressman's widow or for some nice safe dolly of a woman who will be grateful for the condescension paid her and who will "know her place" in public life, and the chances are they will do it.

But for the aggressive woman, carrying the banner of her sex, symbolizing its advance in politics, ah, that is another thing. At least we shall have to believe it is another thing until the votes are counted in Illinois this fall.

A little inquiry among the voters of Illinois convinces one that a good many motives besides the desire to see her in the Senate went to swell Mrs. McCormick's majority in the primaries over Senator Deneen. For example, one finds that a good many Democrats went into the Republican primary and voted for her nomination in the belief that it would be easier to beat her than to beat any male candidate.

It's Not All Chivalry

It sounds reasonable. Nine persons out of ten, regarding the matter theoretically, would say that it would be easier to beat a woman for the senatorship than to beat a man.

Moreover, I am told that many Republicans voted for Mrs. McCormick in the primary to beat Deneen, with the full intention of voting later for Jim Ham Lewis to beat her. Among such are to be included, I am told, the so-called City Hall crowd, the Big Bill Thompson outfit in Chicago. They hated Deneen and wanted to make an end of him. But they have never liked the McCormicks of either sex any better.

Mrs. McCormick's friends marveled at the large vote she got in certain sections of Chicago not noted for a chivalrous desire to see a woman in the senatorship. Perhaps this large vote will be explained on election day.

Besides, the Deneen faction in Chicago is vindictive. Mrs. McCormick had her revenge upon it in the primary for the defeat of her late husband by Deneen. Its turn will come on election day.

A Bad Year for Drys

Then there is such a thing as luck in politics. And the greatest good luck a candidate can have is to run in a year when the tide is running strongly in favor of his party. I know several Democrats who are thanking their stars that they picked out this year to run for office in states that are ordinarily hopeless for Democratic candidates.

And here's a piece of luck that was not so good. Why did it happen that Dwight W. Morrow picked this particular year when a woman, and a dry, was running for senator from Illinois to come out with a clarion call to the wets?

And why was this year picked to hold a prohibition poll which showed that the wets are in a majority in practically all states? The idea of victory is in the minds of all wets. I should say that Dwight Morrow's speech would cost Mrs. McCormick 100,000 votes.

On top of that this looks like a year of a Democratic landslide. The Hoover administration is unpopular. Business conditions are bad. Many people are out of work. A reaction against the party in power is overdue.

For a parallel to this year one has to go back to 1910, when the voters turned on President Taft, or 1894, when the country went against President Cleveland.

Illinois is, of course, normally 300,000 or 400,000 Republican. A couple of hundred thousand shifted away from the Republican party because of bad business conditions, because of the wet revolt, because of factionalism in Chicago, because of prejudice against a woman candidate, would make next fall's election close. In spite of her brilliant victory in the primary over Senator Deneen, Mrs. McCormick will have a hard fight to beat Jim Ham Lewis for senator in the election.

Trail Driver's Luck

Continued from page 23

In spite of his assurance, his certainty of himself, he had less than half expected that she would really be there. Yet she was there, waiting for him just as certainly as if it had been prearranged.

"*Buenos noches,*" she murmured, her voice faintly cordial. "What are you doing here?"

"Came out to talk to you," he said.

"And who asked you to do that—drover?"

"Now, pish, tush," said Frazee. He took her arm, and clamped it against his side; and though she stiffened she walked a little way farther from the house with him before she broke away.

"What was it you wanted to say?" the girl asked.

"I've been looking for you for three years," Frazee heard himself lie. "I don't know as you've been out of my mind an hour. And now I've run onto you again, I don't mean to leave you go."

SHE smiled up at him sidelong, queerly. "What do you mean by that?"

"I'm going to marry you."

They stood silent; and the lonely Mexican night pressed nearer to them, hot and close. Then she looked at him curiously, and the cool poise seemed to go out of her. She began to laugh, almost silently, in her throat.

"What are you laughing at?" he demanded hotly.

"I was thinking of José."

"Who's José?"

"Did you ever see a man named José Exnicios?"

"No."

"I'm going to marry him the tenth of August. We leave for the South in three days."

"The hell you are!"

"Why am I not?"

"Because before those three days are up I'm coming after you. And you'll be ready to come with me, and you'll come with me—you hear?"

"And if I don't?"

"Then I'll take you; and I tell you this: it'll take more than the army of Mexico, and all hell, and you yourself to stop me."

A strange-voiced exclamation sounded startlingly, very close at hand: the breathy cry of an old man who comes sharply upon unutterable horror. Frazee, jerking up his head, saw the withered padre, shadowless and vague in the starlight. Then Francisca spoke.

"Padre," she began, her low voice unexpectedly clear and cool, "before you speak, before you judge—"

The robed figure stirred as if released from a spell. "You had better go in, my child."

Francisca obeyed. But first she leaned close for half a second to Frazee, speaking to him in a desperate whisper: "Within three days?"

"Depend on me."

SHORTLY after daylight he found his herd, bedded eleven miles east of the Contrera rancho. That day Frazee did the work of three, changing horses at noon. His good vaqueros had deserted him for the fortunes of war—and his two remaining riders did little work, and that sullenly.

To see that every beast of that bawling, stumbling ruck moved steadily, never hurried, yet never lagging nor wandering aside, would have been an insuperable job for many more men than Frazee; but it meant the difference between failure and success. He swarmed at it like a man inspired, a grim, grinning glow in his reddened eyes as he worried the stragglers. The whisper of rifle fire was stronger now, but still far to the east; and a faint haze on the horizon showed him where Boleros lay. He had never been surer in his life that he was close to a great victory. One day more. . . .

One day more to pass Boleros. Then the next day the two punk riders could muddle the herd along as best they could, for the chief danger would be past. That would leave Frazee free to kill a horse returning to the Contrera rancho for the girl. Francisca would be with him on the last short day, while they pressed the herd across the border to Loring, the goal that had been ahead of him for so long.

In a sense she was with him already. All that day they plugged across Contrera lands, and somehow that knowledge made her seem closer, as if her presence followed with him, like the sun.

Then, late in the afternoon, an Indian boy came riding a paint pony out of the southwest, whipping up side-and-side with his tie rope as he came in sight of the herd. He handed Frazee a tiny twisted wad of paper.

When Frazee had smoothed the paper out he still had to stop his horse before he could decipher, with difficulty, the hesitant, sketchy little scrawl of three words that it contained.

"Never after tonight—"

"The señorita?" he demanded.

"*Si, señor.*"

"And what does she say?"

"Nothing, señor."

"You don't know what she wants, or anything about it, but just this fool wad of paper?"

"Nothing, señor."

"What night is she talking about?"

A blank stare was all he got out of that.

"Then—go hump that far bunch back into the show—pick 'em up, pick 'em up, but easy, see, or I break your—"

"*Si, señor!*"

NEVER after what night? Last night? If it was that, he could call it meaningless. But if never after *this* night—Never what after when?

If Francisca had only had the sense to— But he knew that there was purpose in the ambiguity of those three words. She had to guard against interception, and so had written what should be meaningless to anyone but him. Ironically, it was meaningless also to Frazee. But she had sent for him, he was pretty sure of that; and if she sent for him she had a reason. . . .

He wasted a futile moment reëstimating the two riders who held the point to its trail—two men of not much guts, sick and disgusted long ago with what they felt was a hopeless job. He knew with utter certainty that those two would never attempt to work the herd through for him alone, or succeed if they tried. If Frazee left the herd here those worn-out cattle would scatter where they stood, to die presently in the unrelenting drought.

"Never after tonight—"

Suddenly he saw that he was at the end of something. One thing or the other was over with and done.

He sat motionless on his stopped horse, watching the mile-long straggle that the herd had become. They plugged along unevenly, a long welter of gaunt backs under a haze of dust. There in the slow hoofs of the cattle walked fortune. That herd was the tide which,

(*Continued on page 38*)

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WORD HUNT

TRADE MARK

In the English language there are twenty-five words (each having just six letters) that begin with the letters W-I-N. One of them is WINKLE. You supply the others.

1	WINKLE	A *marine* mollusk that destroys large numbers of oysters by drilling their shells and rasping away their flesh.
2	WINDED	*Exposed to the wind*; ventilated. Also, scented. Also (colloquial), put out of breath.
3	WINTER	The coldest season of the year. Also, a period of decay, old age, death or the like.
4	WIN	To separate grain from chaff by a current of air. Also, to analyze and assort.
5	WIN	Linsey-woolsey, a coarse cloth made *from linen and wool, or cotton and wool.*
6	WINDOW	Opening in wall of building to admit *light and air.*
7	WIN	The end or finish. The concluding act or part.
8	WIN	Supplying or treating with, or drinking, wine.
9	WINKER	One who, or that which, winks.
10	WINGED	Having wings. Also, transported by wings.
11	WIN	Flinched. Shrunk, as from a blow, or from pain.
12	WINTRY	Cold; stormy. Pertaining to winter.
13	WINDER	*One who, or that which, winds.*
14	WINNER	One who, or that which, wins.
15	WIN	Place where wine is made.
16	WINKED	Blinked; flickered.
17	WIN	(Rare) *Winning.*
18	WIN	(Local, Eng.) European redwing. Also (Scot. and Dial. Eng.), To wind yarn. To whirl around; to turn. Also, to drift, as snow. To put up hay or straw in bundles. A kind of reel on which a hank of thread or yarn is placed to be wound on spools, etc. A basket or vessel for grain.
19	WIN	(South Africa) A store or shop where all sorts of goods are sold.
20	WIN	Variant of No. 18, a reel.
21	WIN	(Local, Eng.) European whitethroat.
22	WIN	Dial. Eng. for WILL NOT.
23	WIN	Dial. variant of WINDROW.
24	WIN	Variant of No. 5.
25	WIN	(Scottish) Stagger; reel; wriggle.

An unabridged dictionary has been used in compiling Word Hunts. All proper nouns, obsolete words, words that would offend good taste, plurals formed by the addition of s or es, and verbs in the present tense, singular number, third person, have been excluded

Here are the answers to the Word Hunt published in last week's Collier's

1. Broch	5. Brood	10. Brool	15. Brogh
2. Brown	6. Broil	11. Broth	16. Brome
3. Broom	7. Broke	12. Brock	17. Brond
4. Broad	8. Brose	13. Broma	18. Brosy
	9. Brook	14. Brodé	

Collier's will send you free, on request, a booklet containing 27 Word Hunts with their answers. Send for a copy today. Address Word Hunts, Collier's, The National Weekly, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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Trail Driver's Luck

Continued from page 36

"taken at the flood—" Frazee himself was the very soul of that tide, the heart and guts of it that walked it on—as much a part of it as it was of him. And though his teeth were set hard into victory the odds were heavy against him yet, and that was hardest of all: for the grip of utter urgency that was upon that herd held him with an all but resistless appeal.

The straggling tail of the herd passed him now, plodding doggedly with swinging heads. And finally the last gaunt cow, a staggering calf at her flank, passed and drew away from him slowly, slowly, as fortune was slipping out of his grasp.

He began to laugh, cracking his dry lips. This was the turning point of his career; yet he found himself without hesitation or doubt. Jauntily he kissed his hand to the herd, and unbuckled his chap strap to get at his money belt beneath. Then he signaled his riders in.

IT WAS not long after starlight when Frazee, leading an extra horse, came within sight of the Contrera rancho again.

He sent the Indian boy ahead to see if anyone was up, and if possible to tell Francisca that Frazee was here. Then, while waiting at a distance, a strange fear lay cold across his shoulders, so ghastly pale and dead that house looked under the stars.

The boy was gone a long time, more than an hour, it seemed to Frazee. He came slinking out at last, so nearly invisible in the little light that Frazee did not see him until he was very close.

"The señorita—?"

"I don't know."

"See anyone?"

"No one, señor. *El padre.* I saw the padre. He saw me, too, but I didn't want to talk to him, I ran out of his way."

"In hell's name, what took you all this time?"

"I looked all over. The horses are gone from the stable."

"Horses? What horses?"

"All the family horses, the kept-at-the-house horses; though there is stock in the corral that—"

Frazee swung into his saddle and put the pony to the house at a run. At the heavy front door he knocked twice, but when nothing moved within he ran around the house to the window of his room of the night before. Here he entered through the broken window bars, and went striding on into the patio.

The ubiquitous little padre was sitting by the cistern head, a lantern beside his feet.

"You, old man—where's Francisca?"

The padre's voice shot back at him, unexpectedly harsh and sharp. "And who knows if you don't?"

"What do you mean? Do you mean to say she's—"

"Her family left this morning—Contrera changed his plans for reasons that you should know best. But before they left, the señorita—she was gone."

"Gone where?"

"It's supposed," said the padre almost savagely, "that you took her!"

"So the family—"

"They thought you had ridden south: naturally you wouldn't try to rejoin your herd under their very noses. They have gone southward in pursuit."

"Padre, listen: I never took her! I don't know anything about it!"

"You swear that?"

"Sure I swear it!"

The little old man stood staring at Frazee with eyes like lancets. "What has happened here, then?" he mumbled dimly.

Frazee seized the old man by the shoulders as if he would shake his brain awake. "Think, padre: where could she go? What could happen to her here?"

"I don't know. . . . I don't know. . . ."

A silence fell upon them, as complete as if the world had turned still as the sky. Then softly, somewhere in a far wing of the house, Frazee heard a door open and close.

He snatched up the lantern and went running into the shadows of the still house, not calling out, but with quiet feet, trying to listen as he went.

In her own room, on her knees beside her bed, he found Francisca. She seemed afraid of him now, and hid her face; but when he gathered her up in his arms she buried her face in his shoulder and wept.

"Child, what's happened?"

"I wouldn't go south with them, I wouldn't go—but I had to trick them. I hid my saddle, and myself with it, and they thought I was gone. They're looking for me—and you—in Monte Solano, by now, I suppose. I knew you'd come. But you took a long time. . . ."

The padre came, following the lantern light, his slippers slop-slopping on the floor tiles. Francisca freed herself from Frazee's arms and stood quiet, facing the robed old man—tall and serene, and certain of herself, like a young-faced madonna; except that there was an unmadonna-like smoldering fire behind the surface of her eyes.

"You are about to marry us, padre," said Frazee.

"But if that is impossible?"

"Then, by God, I'll take her anyway!"

"But—if—"

"And I'll go with him," said Francisca.

The padre regarded them with miserable eyes. Then, "Stand here before the cross," he said at last. . . .

"Where's your saddle?" Frazee asked when the padre was gone.

He could hardly hear her answer, her voice had turned so shaky and faint. "There's no need. . . . Isn't this our house tonight?"

WAKING a short hour before dawn, Frazee strained his eyes against such blackness as he could not remember having seen before. There were no longer stars beyond the window bars; but the night had lost its silence, and the whole of the vast desert was filled with a new rush and moan of sound that at first he could not believe.

Gently he drew his arm from under Francisca's sleeping head; but once clear he reached the window in a bound. A slash of water struck in through the jalousie and whipped wet across his face, bringing him broad awake. For an instant more he stood incredulous; then with one sweep of his arm he knocked the rotted shutter out of the way, and stepped out into the downpour.

He spread out his arms to it, prayerfully letting the mild, big-dropped deluge run down his body in rivulets, and paste his hair down into his eyes. He was picturing to himself his wet-backed herd thirstily sucking up the saving water from rivulets and swales. She was sure enough his luck, luck past all believing! If he had pushed on, into the path of that hard-pressed retreat—

In the whir and slat of the rain he was hearing the shuffle of numberless hoofs; and he knew that he was listening to prophecy, the rain's promise to him of mighty herds unborn.

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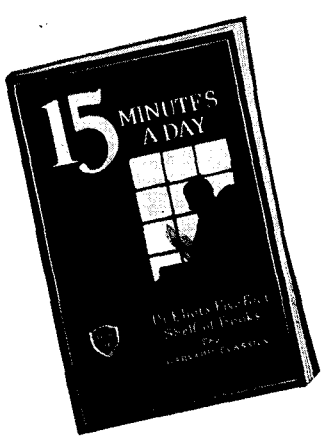

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Sir Henri takes us Apart

Continued from page 8

independent place in the world—in making careers for themselves. They want to go to work, to earn their own living and to have time for the finer and better things of life. They believe the small flat frees them from the drudgery of managing a large house."

"Ah, yes! Drudgery!" he exclaimed. "That's the word. That is the word that is being used to drive women from the home. I do not like the use you make of that word drudgery. All the work of the home is called drudgery—even the raising of children. The work of the office and factory—that is a career. It is drudgery to perform the daily task of managing a child. It is not drudgery to sit in an office all day addressing envelopes or pounding a typewriter. It is drudgery to prepare a dinner. It is not drudgery to stand all day filing meaningless papers. Women must work because the home is a place of drudgery. So to enable them to do this they must have smaller homes—no homes at all, in fact—a little flat or even a couple of rooms. And so at the same time that you go on putting all the women to work and thus increasing very largely the number of your workers you go on diminishing the number of homes and reducing the size of your flats and thus cutting the buying energy of your customers.

Every Man's Reward

"I protest against this rising popularity of giving the name 'drudgery' to everything that is done around a home. Whenever I hear this talk of the drudgery of the home and the independence of a career in business I always look back to my own mother. I was born in Amsterdam. My father died when I was a small boy, the youngest of five children. My mother was left with the care of these children. There was some money, enough to last until we were educated or almost educated. But that required management.

"I look back now at her struggles to manage that little brood. She had to make every penny count. She had to supply both the devotion of the mother and the strength of the father. Of course, as children, we could not see all this then. But in later years I was able to perceive and appreciate the high degree of intelligence and devotion which she had to put into that job—the job of raising men. Is not that a finer career, does it not call for more intelligence and greater interest than almost any other job any man or woman can do?

"And what are the rewards? After all, there is only one coin in which we are all paid for our work—happiness. Some men like to run industries. Some men like music. Some like to write books or become physicians. Some like to shine shoes. All want to be paid and all look for their pay in money.

"But that is just the surface of it. The real pay all look for is happiness. And who gets the biggest pay? The young woman who sacrifices home and the natural emotions of her sex for a job in an office or a factory? Or the woman who elects to make her career in a home? What will our men do without these mothers? I have tried to trace out my own career honestly, tried to examine it. And I say to myself, over and over again, that whatever I have been able to do I owe to my mother. She lived to share with me some measure of the successes I have attained. And do you think I ever got as much happiness out of my success as she did from it? All that I did was to build a business. But she had raised a family of men. I think that was much the greater and finer achievement."

I brought Sir Henri back to the problems we had been discussing—the problems of building up our markets as a means of preventing overproduction.

"Of course," he said, "in so huge a mechanism as your great industrial machine you are bound to have maladjustments. And to deal with these you must have some kind of conference among the men who direct industry. You want high wages. So you have created and developed the machine which has given you overproduction.

The Curtain's Going Up!

"But then you do a very strange thing. Having created overproduction, you make it a crime for your business men to deal with it. You have unemployment. You get very much excited over this. You call conferences. You print tons of news and surveys and speeches about it. But all the time you know the unemployment is due to one thing—you produced too much. And this is the one thing you will not permit anybody to do anything about.

"The only ones who can do anything about it are your business men—the men who do the overproducing. And if they should get together to do anything about it you would propose to put them in jail for violating the anti-trust laws!

"You will do well to take another look at your anti-trust laws. The world is on the verge of great changes. Business is being organized upon a larger scale, upon a vaster stage. Just as sixty or seventy years ago Europe was looking to America as a place for her surplus peoples and a rich country for the investment of her surplus wealth, so now other continents are swimming into the path of progress—Africa, China, Australia.

"Europe is awakening and soon she will be using the machine as you are doing. You will see mass-production organized upon a gigantic scale there. We are moving into a new world and the vision is very moving and inspiring. But you, who are so strong now, want to be sure you do not advance into this great struggle with tools that were made for another age and which instead of being tools to aid you are becoming shackles to weigh you down. And so I say look well over these trust laws of yours.

"Here in America you have a theory—and we have it in Europe too—that a man who succeeds should be in some way punished for it. There might be some excuse for this if there were some way of a man going out and succeeding all by himself and collecting for himself all the fruits of his success. But no man, in industry at least, can succeed by himself. It is impossible for me to make a hundred pounds for myself, for instance, without giving work to a hundred, indeed a thousand, men.

"Now that is precisely what the world needs. For instance, in America you are struggling with an unemployment problem. What you need is work—jobs for your men. A man who will invent a business which will give work to a thousand men will perform a public service. You might suppose that if he were to do this the public would reward him, give him a bonus of some kind, or at least present him with a little medal. But no!

"It proceeds to fine him, to penalize him by taking even the fruit of his operations. This it does through taxation.

"You do it with your income tax and in Great Britain it is done on even a grander scale. If you must get at the riches of your wealthy men take them in inheritance taxes. I do not get excited at the mention of an inheritance tax; but it is for the interest of the state to permit a man to possess the fruits of his own industry.

"The man who earns very much spends only a small part of it on himself and his amusement. His money goes back into industry to become in turn productive. He may very justly feel he has a right to enjoy it. But I do not see what claim his children or his other relatives have upon it. It is the product of his labor. His family, by reason of his prosperity, are already blessed with advantages of education and a good start and have no right to ask for more. They should be expected to make their own way as he was compelled to do. After his death there is no good reason why the state should not take his wealth or a good part of it, provided of course they do it in such a way as not to cripple the industry he has built up or prevent it from passing into strong, able hands which will carry it on as a productive agency in the community.

"You have these anti-trust laws which are aimed at what you call big business. But these laws were made when business was little and the world wanted to keep it little, when men were in fear of big business. Now you are no longer afraid of big business because it is the accepted thing. All business is big and growing bigger. And the very bigness of it creates problems—this problem of overproduction, for instance—problems which must be dealt with. But when business men attempt to deal with these problems there are always plenty to raise the hue and cry and to call for the law on them.

"Imagine one of the soap-box orators talking about railroad trains. 'Look at these wicked railroad trains,' you hear him say. 'Look at these wicked railroad trains. Once upon a time we had little locomotives that could pull two or three carriages. Then they began making the carriages bigger and putting half a dozen people in them. Next they built bigger engines that would pull half a dozen cars. But that did not satisfy them. They made bigger cars to hold thirty people or more and then bigger engines. How dare they do this?

Ancient Prejudice

" 'Now look at that villainous monster of an engine—a regular trust—that is sixty feet long and has a thousand horse power and will pull thirty or forty coaches with sixty people in each coach. It is trying to monopolize the passengers. It has driven all the little locomotives and railway carriages out of existence. And I call on the people to rise up against it and on the state to suppress it!' " Deterding was roaring—pounding the table.

"Sounds like Hyde Park," I said.

"Sounds ridiculous, doesn't it?" he laughed. "But that is precisely the way we reason when we speak of business. What has the business executive been doing except the very thing the railroad builder has been doing? He has been designing a bigger and better engine to pull the bigger load of modern life. And you might just as well station officers of the law along the railroad track to prevent the coupling up of railway carriages in a single train as to station them along the business highway to prevent business executives from coupling up business units into larger and more effective consolidations.

"Competition is all very well, but surely there is a limit to that. Duplication of facilities is a waste for which the consuming public must pay. If business is going to be forbidden to produce some kind of order, then it is going to be an endless struggle between the blind laws of trade running wild and business operating like a mob.

"Look at your oil industry, shackled at every turn, hampered and limited by Federal and state laws. The laws of nature operate to keep the natural gas and the petroleum of your country flooding out from your soil. The laws of trade operate to urge every individual producer, spurred on by the royalty owners, to keep pumping and boring for oil. The oil flows out in a deluge. The oil industry is overwhelmed by overproduction. Many producers operate at a loss. Meantime your oil supplies are depleted. This can be prevented in only one way—by the oil men getting together and agreeing to control production.

"But if they do this you have a law which will put them in jail. Some day you will find out that you need all this precious oil that you have wasted."

There was another subject upon which I found Sir Henri an interesting talker, a subject far removed from business—winter swimming. He has a swimming pool on his beautiful estate twenty-six miles out of London.

Up to a few years ago he was an ardent huntsman, but because of a fall from his horse he finds long rides fatiguing. He has turned instead to swimming. And every morning—winter and summer—he begins the day with a plunge.

"Friends with Myself"

On the coldest morning an attendant chops away the ice and the oil man plunges in without hesitation. He explained:

"The secret of it lies in going in without a bathing suit. It is the wet bathing suit clinging close to the body with its charge of cold water which freezes you when you come out. I swim vigorously while in the water. When I come out I run around the rim of the pool. I go about three or four hundred yards—that is, until I feel a little winded.

"Then I go into the house into a fresh-water tub and a good toweling. After that I eat a breakfast of coffee and stewed fruits. I have a ride of three quarters of an hour on horseback. Then I am ready for the train and the day's work."

At sixty-five he has neither paunch nor hollow cheek. His waistline is like that of a young man. His cheeks are smooth and rounded and firm. His features are clear-cut. I could not help commenting on the lack of lines in the face of a man who directs so vast an empire of business.

"Well, perhaps there is a little secret to that," he said. "I try to keep friends with myself.

"It is worry that chisels the lines in a man's face. And there is in most cases only one cause of worry: We do not worry so much about the difficult problems we have or the failures we have. The thing that makes us worry is the sense, often so faint inside us, that we have not done all that we should have done to meet a situation. Most real heart-eating worry comes from self-reproach. I try to avoid that.

"If during the day I look squarely at every problem and do the very best that is in me to meet it, why, at night when I go to bed I can feel friendly with myself and sleep soundly.

"If there is in my mind a feeling that I neglected something or did not meet some issue squarely or that I tried to escape it or did not give the job my very best, I feel very unfriendly with myself and I am worried and my sleep is slow to come. And so I try to keep friends with myself."

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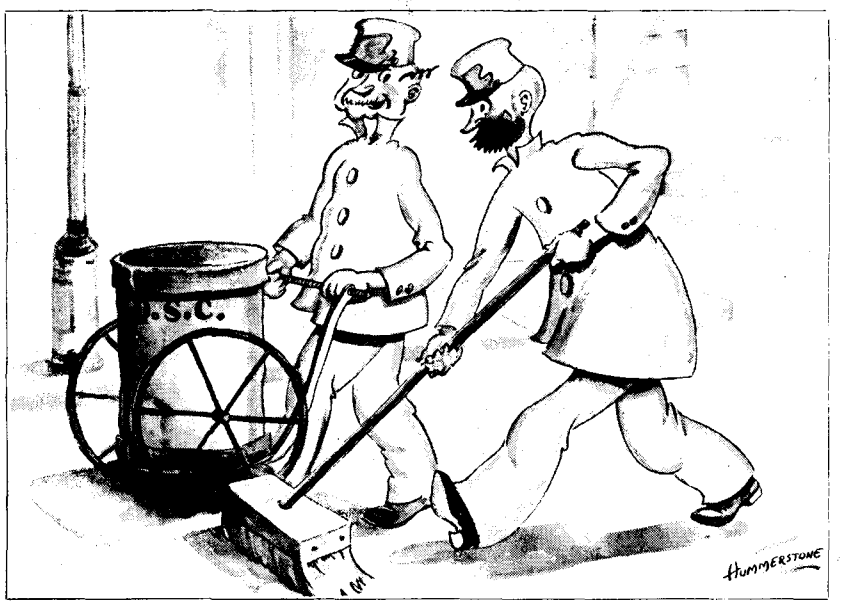

"How'd you make out at bridge last night?"
"Fine—cleaned up!"

How would you play it?

By Milton C. Work

Author of Contract Bridge for All

North
S. A-K-J
H. A-Q-8
D. A-9-8-7
C. 9-8-3

West
S. 9-6
H. J-9-5-4
D. K-6-5-4
C. J-10-4

East
S. 7-4-3-2
H. K-10-3
D. Q-2
C. A-K-7-2

South
S. Q-10-8-5
H. 7-6-2
D. J-10-3
C. Q-6-5

THE above hand appeared in last week's Collier's. Whether played in Auction or Contract, South and West would pass and North would be the Declarer playing a No Trump contract; in Auction it would be one No Trump.

In Contract, although South had passed and North, with a count of 18, had only three suits stopped, I think he should disregard the ordinarily sound bidding rules and call two No Trumps. As a general proposition I favor sticking to the rules, and North's hand counts only 18—one short of the strength required for a two-bid with an unstopped suit; but three of his suits are unusually powerful.

South would have the strength to jump North's two No Trumps to three. If North had bid only one No Trump, South would be shy of the strength needed to jump that bid to two.

Played in either Auction or Contract, the Declarer would need nine tricks for game; in Contract he would need them all to avoid being set.

East's initial lead would be the Deuce of Clubs, showing a four-card suit. The Club lead places the Declarer in an awkward position. He knows that if West has either Ace-Jack, Ace-Ten, King-Jack or King-Ten of Clubs, a finesse is certain if dummy plays small. He knows further that East has not Ace-Jack-Ten or King-Jack-Ten, because the Jack would have been his lead from either of those combinations. It is possible that East has Jack-Ten-x-x and West Ace-King-x, but that distribution is not probable, so the best chance of making a Club trick can be secured by playing the Queen from dummy.

The Declarer can see that it is vital for him to keep the adversaries from running four Clubs; they are sure to take a Diamond, and five tricks will save game. So it is clear that dummy should play the Queen on the first trick and when it wins, the chance of Declarer's winning game becomes hopeful. With one Club already won and four Spades, one Heart and one Diamond assured, two more tricks are needed for game. A successful Heart finesse would produce one, but that would not be enough.

The best chance to obtain two extra tricks is in the Diamond suit. Declarer can afford to lose one Diamond provided he takes three tricks in that suit; and this he can accomplish if the Diamond King and Queen are divided between East and West, or both held by West. It is possible but not probable that East holds both; if so Declarer's scheme will fail. To win three Diamonds, it is necessary to lead that suit twice from South, and therefore it would be fatal to run four Spades after winning the first Club. If that were done, dummy would be in the lead after the fourth Spade and could lead a Diamond; and the scheme would fail if the adverse Diamond honors were divided.

With the Jack of Diamonds led to trick 2, West's play is immaterial. If he covers, the Ace will take the trick, four Spades will be run, and the Diamonds will be established while North has the Ace of Hearts as an entry. Should West play small, East will take the trick and run three Clubs. On the last Club North will discard his small Heart and after that, regardless of what East leads next, Declarer will take the remaining tricks.

If East leads a Heart or a Diamond to trick 6, the situation is simplified for the Declarer; should he lead a Spade, North would win with Ace or King and exhaust the Spades, overtaking North's Jack with dummy's Queen. Then he would cash dummy's Ten of Spades, discarding North's Queen of Hearts. After that dummy would lead the Diamond Ten and once again whether West covered or failed to do so would be immaterial; Declarer's game would be cinched.

Next week's hand is given below; make up your mind how you would bid and play it before reading next week's description.

North
S. 10-8-5
H. Q-7-6-2
D. K-9-4
C. 8-4-3

West
S. 6-4-3
H. 10-8
D. 7-6-3-2
C. Q-J-7-6

East
S. J-9-7-2
H. J-9-5-4
D. J-10-8
C. 10-5

South
S. A-K-Q
H. A-K-3
D. A-Q-5
C. A-K-9-2

A Waiter in Tony's

Continued from page 11

gentleman who looked like some sort of a fish, except that he wore horn-rimmed glasses.

"Well, Clyde," the plump gentleman said, "I'm going to tell you something which will make you bilious with laughter. It's a deal I pulled off this week."

The plump gentleman laughed. Then he said, with his mouth full of baked potato:

"Did you ever have a lamb walk right into your shop, get down on its knees and beg to be sheared? Well, I did. Fact. He was a neat but shabby old citizen, who looked and bleated like an elderly billy-goat. If he wasn't a goat when he came in, he was one when he went out, all right. He was hardly inside my office when he bleated, 'I've got a certified check for $31,437 which I have saved up after thirty years of work as a veterinarian out in Iowa, and I want to invest it in something sound so I can retire and rest a spell. I came East to get my daughter and her two kids and bring them back home with me. She lives in Perth Amboy and her husband ran off with a manicure. I'd like to get six per cent on my money, mister, as things out our way cost more than they used to and I'll have four mouths to feed.'

"'Friend,' I said, 'Providence has directed your steps to my door. Pray be seated and I will place before you a list of investments which will exactly suit your needs.' Then I reached for the old sandbag. He ran his eye over my list of cats-and-dogs and said, 'Mister, I know all about glanders and bots, but not a durn thing about stocks; but I reckon I can trust the judgment of a man who has a swell shebang like this.' Wasn't that perfect, Clyde?"

The bony gentleman said he had never heard anything quite so perfect, and the plump gentleman went on:

"I had some pips on that list—Frog Valley Oil, Sea-Water Gold Refining, Universal Motorless Airships, Inc., Rubber Submarine Corporation, and the prize of the lot, Kitty Collins Silvermine. The goat said, 'Which do you advise, mister?' and I nearly broke a rib trying to keep from laughing out loud. 'Well,' I said in my most impressive manner, 'they are all excellent. Airships are apt to go up, and that Submarine will not go down, but, by and large, I think the Silvermine is the best buy, as there seems to be a steady demand for quarters and half-dollars.'

"'That's so,' he said. 'Think you could get me some of the Silvermine?' 'Friend,' I said, 'I'll do my best, although they are fighting for it down in the Street. It will probably go sky-high as soon as they develop that new vein they're looking for'—and I almost added 'with a microscope.' 'But I only have $31,437,' said the old coot.

"I MADE a bluff at consulting somebody and came back and said, 'Oddly enough, that's exactly what 10,000 shares, or a fifty per cent interest in the mine, will cost you. Sign here, please.'

"Old whiskers was so anxious to sign up that he spilled ink all over his pants. He went away with a suitcase full of lovely certificates, which will make dandy wall-paper for somebody some day. Now, wasn't that a scream, Clyde?"

The bony gentleman with the spectacles sniggered for some moments. Finally he said:

"Yes, Fred, that's a howl, all right. But I really ought to get a commission. The old boy was named Esau Pease, wasn't he?"

"Yes," said the plump gentleman, "that was his name, all right, but there's no commission."

"I sent him to you, though," the bony gentleman said. "He doddered into my place, a squash ripe for picking, and muttered something vague about wanting to invest in a mine. Said he had heard there was a mine out in Colorado called the Kitty Collins and he had a hunch to buy a piece of it, as he had a favorite niece of that name. That's the shrewd sort of investor he was. I had handled some of that junk years ago, when it was worth a little something, but after it went flooey I palmed off nearly all I had on a maiden lady in Trenton, so I had only fifty shares lying around.

"I sized up Esau as one who would not stand for a very heavy tap and let him have the stock for $400. Golly, I wish I'd known about that certified check. Well, he paid cash, and I guess had only car-fare left to get to your place. I remembered, Fred, that you had some Kitty Collins you found in somebody's ash-can, so I passed Esau along to you."

THE plump gentleman laughed and snapped his fingers for cigars and black coffee. Soon after they went out. They were still laughing.

A nice-looking young couple came in and I showed them to Table No. 2, as the previous lady and gentleman had paid their check and departed. He was a tall, well-built young gentleman, with a fine head of hair on him, and she was a cute little lady, who looked like some sort of actress. They looked serious.

She said, "Did you tell him?"

"No," the young gentleman said. "I lost my nerve."

"But you've got to tell him, Steve."

The young gentleman looked uncomfortable.

"There's no infernal rush, is there?" he said. "You know what an old tyrant he is. All puffed up with family pride, the honor of the name and all that. Why, he'll break my neck, or, what's worse, he'll kick me out without a job or a dime. Still, I suppose I will have to tell him, sooner or later."

"Sooner, Steve."

"Why?"

"There's a reason."

"What?"

"You're not your usual bright self today, Steve. For one thing, I'm tired of all this dodging and sneaking around. For another—well, there are some secrets you can't keep very long—"

He took hold of her hands and said, "Oh, Peggy, my darling."

He looked very happy.

"Yes," he said, "I'll have to tell him now."

Then he began to look worried.

"He'll kick me out sure," he said, "and you won't be able to stay in the show much longer—and then what?"

"We'll get along."

He squeezed her hand.

"Of course we will," he said. "I'm very proud and happy, Peggy dear."

"Will you be waiting for me after the matinée?" she asked.

He frowned.

"Sorry. Can't make it. Engagement."

"Hmmmm," she said. "With that blonde, I bet."

"Now, Peggy dear, don't start that all over again. She's nothing to me."

The little lady looked cross.

"Where is this business engagement?" she said. (*Continued on page 44*)

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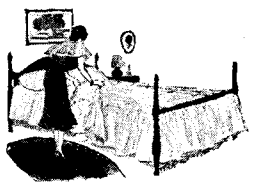
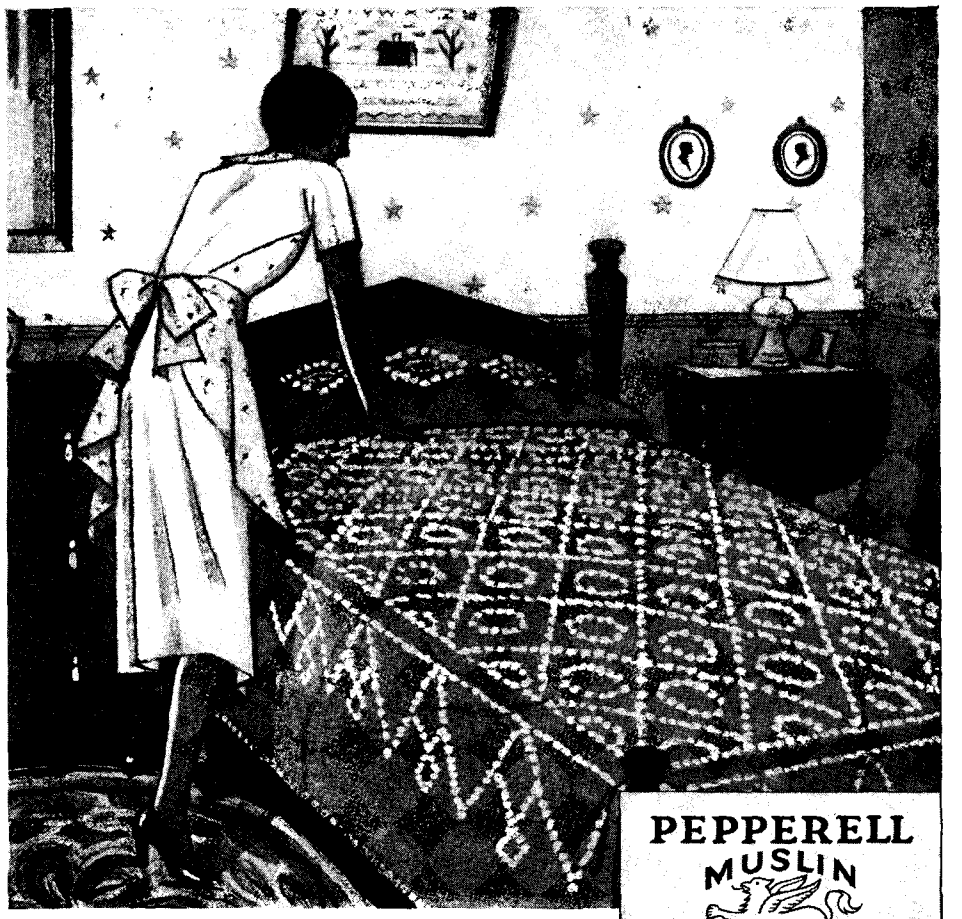


For 80 years mothers have trusted the name Pepperell on the labels of their sheets and pillow cases. No wonder they seek, in dozens of other sturdy household cottons, the long extra wear that that one word "Pepperell" implies.

"ARE they durable?" That's the one searching question a mother asks of cotton fabrics, whether they be bedspreads, blouses, work shirts or sheets. And the answer comes right back to her from Pepperell in rugged, honest *WEAR*. Pepperell to her means extra service—always.

The surest way of getting an abundant money's worth in the cotton fabrics you buy is to look for the Pepperell name on the label. Yes, you'll find that name on many other things besides sheets! For manufacturers who take a human pride in producing cotton garments and spreads that *WEAR*, go to Pepperell for their fabrics, and tell you about it on the label.*

*In case you cannot find the above articles in the store where you usually shop, just write to Lady Pepperell at 160 State Street, Boston, Massachusetts. She will gladly tell you where you can buy these play-suits and spreads.



In CANDLEWICK BEDSPREADS

What a refreshing change a few new, cool-looking Candlewick Bedspreads do make! Their cream-ivory muslin adds the perfect touch to your best sheets and blankets. Chances are you'll find "Pepperell" on the labels, for when a manufacturer wants to turn out a spread that will serve you for years, he makes it of Pepperell fabric and tells you so on the label.

In PLAY-SUITS *and* ROMPERS

Let them play, scuff, pull and go it—all they like. These clothes not only stand up against hard use, but also look well while they're doing it. The Yank Junior or Honor Bright on the label says "WEAR"; and the reputation of the Reliance Manufacturing Co. of Chicago, Illinois, stands behind the youngsters' play-suits and rompers. For every single rugged garment is also marked "Genuine Pepperell Fabric".

PEPPERELL MANUFACTURING COMPANY

160 State Street, Boston, Massachusetts

General Sales Offices: 40 Worth Street, New York City

THESE LABELS MEAN *WEAR . . . and WEAR . . . and WEAR*

The name, on any sturdy cotton, that promises EXTRA WEAR *is*

PEPPERELL

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"As a matter of fact," he said, "it is at her apartment."

I thought the little lady was going to cry.

"Oh, Steve, how can you do a thing like that?" she said. "I just won't stand for it."

"I've got to go," he said.

"Why?"

"Secret."

"Steve, you promised everything would be fifty-fifty between us. You've got to tell me."

She began to sniffle a little.

"Oh, all right," he said. "Remember Johnny Mansfield?"

"Yes. How is he?"

"All well. Very fit, in fact. He's been out of the hospital for three weeks now. It's on his account I'm doing this."

"Going to a blonde's apartment?"

"Wait, can't you, Peggy! Shortly after Johnny did that fool business with the poison, and I pumped him out, he told me the whole story. Girl trouble. Johnny met her right here in this place. She seemed all right, sweet, sincere and all the rest of it. Johnny has been too busy studying law to learn much about women, and he fell for her hard. Nothing really serious between them. You know Johnny. But he had it pretty bad. Began to talk about walking up a church aisle. One afternoon he went for tea at her apartment on East Seventy-second Street, and the tea was pretty strong, and she sat down on the sofa beside him and gave him the old come-hither, and Johnny, being a gentleman and in love, gave her the first real kiss of his hitherto innocent career. He was thus engaged when a large person in a derby hat entered with some violence and announced that he was her husband, just back from the coast.

"Johnny was surprised, as the lady had neglected to mention that she had a husband. The gentle stranger announced that he would sue for divorce, naming Johnny. He had brought a ratty little individual with him, as a witness, and through the transom they had taken a handsome snapshot of Johnny and the lady wrapped in a super-Hollywood embrace.

"THE husband turned out to be broad-minded. He said his outraged feelings could be assuaged by a poultice of ten thousand dollars, and Johnny had to shell out. He thought so, anyhow. He didn't have ten thousand, but scraped it together, somehow, giving short-time notes. The dirty business hit him so hard that one night he tried to make an exit but drank a quart too much stuff, and is all right again, except that he has to meet some pressing notes next week. So I'm going to help him."

"Steve, you mustn't get into trouble," the young lady said.

"No fear," he said. "He was a fool to pay. Well, Peggy, this is what has happened and is going to happen.

"I met Johnny's girl friend in here one day. She put on a peach of a 'let's get acquainted' act. Wasn't I Roland Brace, whom she had seen play halfback and had met just for a moment at Mrs. Orme's party? I said, with boyish candor, that I was Stephen Spencer Ogden, and had played left tackle, but did it matter? It mattered so little that she let me pay for her lunch and accepted invitations to dinner and the theater many times."

"While I was slaving in the chorus," said the little lady.

"Quite so. Our friendship flourished. She's really rather entertaining. What a pity she got mixed up with a filthy crew. Well, anyhow, the drama has now reached its climax and the stage is all set for the big exposure scene. My blond friend has used on me precisely the same technique she used on Johnny. Today the lamb is to be led to the slaughter, and at four I go to her palatial apartment to kiss and to be kissed—"

"Oh, now, Steve," the young lady said.

"All in fun," the young gentleman said. "Her mislaid husband will enter presently, with the demon photographer. Her husband is a fragrant chap, named Phil Bassler. Money will be demanded of me. I will protest and plead but in the end will hand over five thousand in marked bills, borrowed, for this performance only, from a pal of mine who is dripping with the stuff.

"AT THIS point, Johnny Mansfield will emerge from the clothes closet, where he has been secreted by a perfidious mulatto maid, for a price, and at the same time through the door will burst his young brother, Mike, who weighs 210 pounds. In short, a cloud of witnesses.

"We will confront the conspirators with their misdeeds. Johnny in his best legal manner will threaten them with immediate arrest if they do not cough up his ten thousand, plus double compound interest and all expenses, including the fifty I slipped to the treacherous servitor. I look forward to quite an afternoon."

"You mustn't get hurt, dear," the little lady said.

"If anybody gets hurt," said the young gentleman, "it will be Mr. Bassler."

He looked at his wrist-watch, and said:

"What a shame. You'll have to hurry along if you want to be on the line when the curtain goes up."

"Will you tell him tonight?" the young lady asked.

"Yes, I will," the young gentleman said. "When I tell him everything, he'll just have to say 'Bless you.'"

I did not hear any more as, at this point, two gentlemen came in and began to wander about looking for a table. It did not take a close student of human nature to tell that they were twins. They were old-fashioned-looking gentlemen with beards, and were strangers in our establishment.

I guided them to Table No. 4, and said, "What do you wish, gentlemen?" and they said, both together, so it sounded like one voice, "Everything—and a lot of it." I brought them what I thought would be good for them. The first old gentleman grinned at the second old gentleman and said:

"I looks toward you and smiles, Jacob."

And the second old gentleman said: "I observes it and bows, Esau."

Then they fell to their refreshments in a hearty manner. Every once in a while the first old gentleman would chuckle and that would start the second old gentleman chuckling, and then they would chuckle together.

"Shall I go back and tell him?" one of them said.

"Oh, he'll find out soon enough, Esau," the other replied.

"Well," said the first one, "here's snakes in your bed, Jacob."

"Here's nails in your neck, Esau," said the other old gentleman, and they chuckled some more.

"I want to see his face," said the old gentleman named Esau.

"So do I," said the one called Jacob.

"When I went into his den, a grand place, Jacob, with 'Welcome, Sucker' written all over it," said Esau, "I was a bit scared for fear that somehow he might have heard the news and was prepared to trim me. Not at all. He was childlike and bland, and he looked me over with the eyes of a shark, and I knew he was saying to himself 'Manna from the skies.' He trotted out his little list and honest, Jacob, I thought he was going to end up his spiel with an offer to sell me choice building lots in Central Park and the toll privileges of Brooklyn Bridge."

"Here's mud in your eye," said the other one.

"Here's wasps in your butter, Jacob," said Esau.

"Well, I didn't even have to mention silver to him," went on Esau, "as I did to the other bunco-steerer. He brought the Kitty Collins stock right out, and I was in such a hurry to get my name down on the receipt I nearly had a conniption fit right on his beautiful rug. Yes, I certainly must go Monday and see that young man."

"Here's gravy on your vest, Esau."

"Here's newts in your hair, Jacob."

"I will go into his cave," said Esau, wiping his mouth, "and will say, 'I want to speak to you, sir, about that Kitty Collins stock you sold me last week. I will sell it back to you. How much will you pay for it? I can just hear him answer in a kindly but cold voice, 'My dear friend, I am sorry but I cannot oblige you. The stock is yours to have and to hold forever, amen, so, *caveat emptor*, and shut the door after you.'

"Then I will say, very mildly, 'But I thought it only fair to give you a chance to buy it back, as possibly you sold it to me under a misapprehension.' He will be good and cold by then and will say, 'We do not rectify mistakes,' and I will say, 'You mentioned that they hoped to find a new vein in Kitty Collins, but the fact is that they have found a whole artery and a circulation system as well.' He will gulp—can't you hear him gulping, Jacob? and will say, 'What do you mean, sir?' and I will say, 'Allow me to introduce my brother Jacob Pease, the notorious but capable mining expert, who last month discovered gobs of silver in Kitty Collins and who promptly told his brother, the aged but agile horse doctor, who came to New York with his small savings and, thanks to you, is now a half owner of said mine. Also allow me to remark in passing that certain amiable but voracious plutocrats in these parts have offered me the sum of $435,000 for my holdings; but as a reward for your kindness I am willing to give you first chance to buy the stock back for, shall we say, around $500,000.'

"This will probably send him into a spasm. I hope so. I devoutly hope so. You and I will then withdraw from his presence and return to this admirable hostelry and have another round of the same. O. K. by you, Jacob?"

"O. K. by me, Esau."

"Here's egg on your chin, Jacob."

"Here's beetles in your hat, Esau."

They did not leave until six that afternoon. They did not talk much, so I have nothing more to report. They just sat there and chuckled.

WHEN Mr. Westmore Clifton came in for his luncheon the following Monday, I said:

"I am sorry, Mr. Clifton, but I am afraid that what I heard and wrote down will not be of much use to you, as it is the same old stuff I have been hearing for years."

Mr. Clifton read what I had written, and he took out his pigskin wallet, and handed me a bill. I was very much surprised to observe that it was a fifty-dollar bill. I did not wish to take it, as I have scruples, and as a Knight does not take a reward unless he feels he has earned it. But Mr. Clifton insisted so hard that I finally took the money, as I always try to oblige a patron whenever possible. I have donated some of the money to our missionary box and am using the rest to purchase a new regalia, as I have just been elected Sir Supreme Knight-Commander.

A Waiter in Tony's

Continued from page 42

"I see, sir, you've been playing bridge again."

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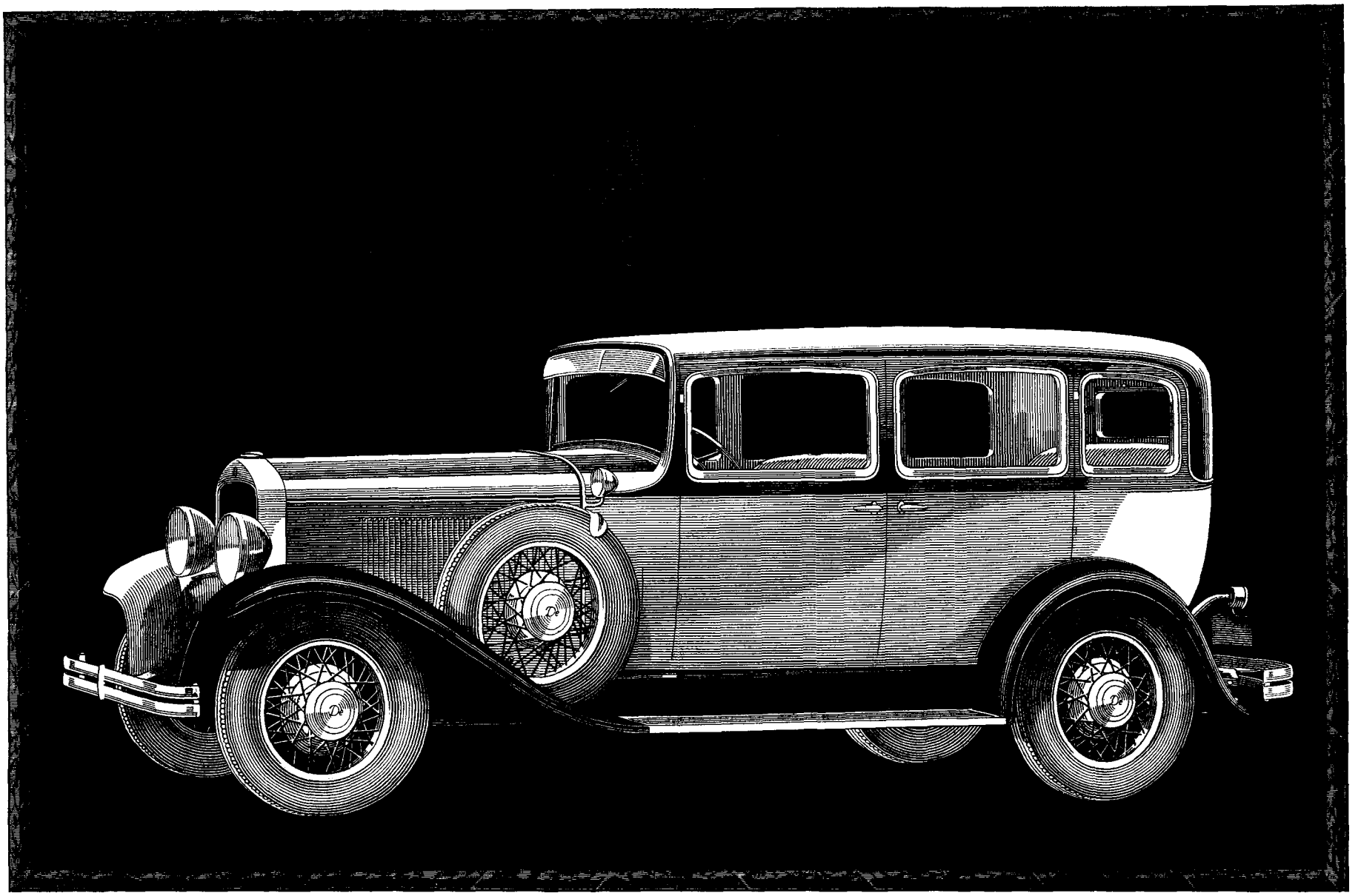
WORLD'S LOWEST - PRICED EIGHT



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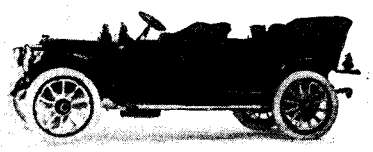

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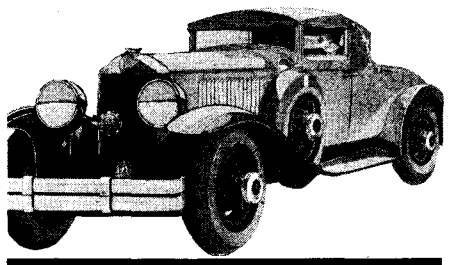

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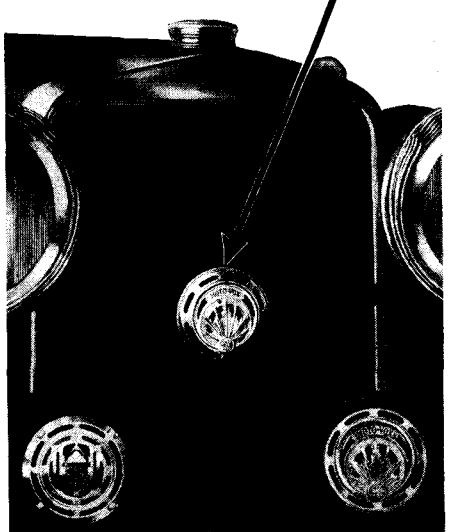

MOTO METER GAUGE & EQUIPMENT CORPORATION
Long Island City, N. Y.
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Speaking of Women

Continued from page 17

"And there you are! Who am I—if it comes to that, who are we!—to stand in the way of Fuenterrabia's convenience?"

"Mere mortals, since you ask," M. de Freycinet caught up the cue, "whereas this fellow is the devil. I quite mean it. Not content with ruining the season on the Riviera, it now appears he has determined to retard its spring—by detaining Zoë here, too, while he does her portrait."

That he thoroughly relished the sensation caused by his announcement was evident; that Mme. Lanchester did was more problematic. Zoë hadn't known violet eyes could be so black; if hastily averted, they left her more than ever at the mercy of her weird familiar. And with heart chilled while her cheeks were flaming, she lost still another minute. . . .

"I WILL say this for the devil, though," when she was again collected, she heard Tess Macready remarking: "The jobs he picks himself aren't the soft ones. I mean, it's by me how he can think of trying to do an opal and a pearl justice in alternate sittings."

"An opal," Tim heavily observed, ogling the widow Lanchester—"set in jet."

"Don't be mushy out loud, Tim dear. Mary Lanchester won't know which way to look."

"But my sister-in-law is just over the flu." Julien hit at last on the one really useful objection. "Ducroy says she must be moved at once to a kinder climate. I can't very well remain in Paris and to leave Zoë by herself is naturally not to be thought of."

"But, Julien—!"

"It's too bad, I agree, my child—I'd give a great deal if conditions were not as they are—but I'm afraid you'll have to forget for once that times have changed, and bow to parental tyranny as young people did in the quaint old days."

"And you, madame?" Fuenterrabia with unshaken pertinacity demanded.

"Oh, count on me!" Madame Lanchester laughed: "*I* stop in Paris. I can't wait, can't afford to—tomorrow might bring me a wrinkle!"

And Julien nodded agreement, to all appearance reconciled already to this high-handed upset of his plans!

Fuenterrabia was called to welcome new arrivals. The others paired off to drift this way and that and form new groups. Zoë before long found herself left to M. de Freycinet and lending his addresses a grave bright countenance while covertly observing Julien in spirited discussion with Mme. Lanchester, the width of the studio away. If it was perhaps easy to guess the question between them, it was doubtless true that no eyes but another woman's could have perceived that the American was honoring his arguments with shallow respect, was making perfunctory responses from the top of a mind occupied with interests remote from Julien's grasp. What else could explain the blue smoldering gaze that strayed from his to search every quarter of the studio but one, the one it a shade too casually passed over, where the betrothed were visible?

And once Zoë saw it wince and widen into a stare still darker, when it marked Fuenterrabia at the door again, saluting a man who had just come in, a shabby stranger of middle age with stooped shoulders, a massive head, rough-cast features, and an air of peculiar capacity.

"Who is that over there, Robert, shaking hands with Monsieur le Marquis, do you know—?"

"Only by sight and world-fame. Phillips Canning, the Milliardaire American, builder of railroads and wrecker of bourses. He affects a taste for painting, concerning which, however, it is said he knows next to nothing."

"He looks interesting."

"Don't make me believe you think so, or I may make an exhibition of myself. The animal has annoyed me too much already."

"'Annoyed' you, Robert?"

"By distracting your mind from news which I had plumed myself you wouldn't find disagreeable."

"Forgive me, and tell me again."

"I was merely about to announce that my affairs have arranged themselves since yesterday. I now find it practicable to get away sooner than I had hoped and my motor will be taking the road to Quézac about the time your train pulls out tomorrow."

Zoë bent, a thought abruptly, to inspect at close range the corner of a painted canvas. After a little her voice came back, a formless murmur.

"What is that you say, Zoë?"

She answered without lifting her head but this time more clearly:

"'And they were happy forever after.' . . . A bit premature, perhaps; but oh, my dear! you do know how to make me happy."

"Then am I the most fortunate of men."

The look this won paid the young man too handsomely for what was, as it fell, the simplest courtesy, a stock speech from the repertoire of a practiced man of fashion, as artless and instinct with feeling as the bleats which massage of a doll's diaphragm will excite.

The fault was, however, not so much of the heart as of a head all at once occupied with business more critical than the reactions of a young thing in love.

Fuenterrabia was presenting that uncouth money baron to his pretty compatriot. Julien de Versennes was standing by with an open countenance which advertised blank insensibility to anything untoward in the encounter. But Monsieur le Marquis could hardly be as blind, and going on a certain grim amusement in his look M. Canning unquestionably wasn't, to the signals of distress which the lady was flying.

Either one misread them, or she was trembling on the brink of panic.

HER salvation was all a freak of chance: Mme. de Chalais suddenly discovered the arrival of Phillips Canning and flew to him with shrill chirps of excitement and both hands extended. Over these the American bowed with a surprising grace. Say what one would, the animal had a manner.

Meantime M. de Versennes was to be seen taking advantage of the diversion to pluck Fuenterrabia aside by the sleeve.

"And now what?" Zoë darkly wondered—"*what* do you suppose my immature parent is up to?"

"How should I know, if it's anything but what we both suspect?"

The girl had a quiet laugh. "But so long as Mme. Lanchester knows what she wants, how can Julien hope to move Monsieur le Marquis?"

"Love wouldn't be love if lovers were easily discouraged."

"Would you like to wager something, then, that Julien gets his way?"

"It might be a fair gamble if he had only Fuenterrabia to win over—although Fuenterrabia has a will of his own, too."

"We see eye to eye, my dear. Julien is wax in her hands."

"Then she will make him believe her way is his—he won't be unhappy."

"Let me tell you something, Robert," Zoë ended a thoughtful pause: "I shall hate her if she doesn't make him happy. Why are you groaning?"

"I am not—I am moaning. Is it possible that you do not see your excellent Aunt Eugénie approaching? What have I done to deserve her today?"

"The old dear wants her tea. You forget convalescents need regular nourishment. Besides, we are not yet married, we have been left to ourselves quite as long as is compatible with convention."

Upon the happy domestic group they made, settled to tea and petits fours in the lee of the buffet, M. de Versennes presently bore down with a guise of transparent ferocity.

"You look much too contented, the lot of you. Permit me to entreat you to leave off gormandizing long enough to hear my good news."

"First let me tell you my own," Zoë objected: "Robert finds he will be able, after all, to depart for Quézac tomorrow."

"Splendid! That ought to put you in even better humor to contemplate the success of my low cunning."

"What mad thing have you done now?" Mme. Savinien darkly demanded.

"Figure to yourself, then, that I have had an inspiration—"

"One is not surprised. You haven't been yourself, Julien, since your return—"

"MORE than that, it is my privilege to inform you that France lost a diplomatist when it pleased the good God to make me a bridge-player and sportsman. In effect, it is all arranged, our little difficulty, and in precisely the one way that is sure to please everybody. It occurred to me that the bones of Monsieur le Marquis must be hankering for his Southern suns. After that, it was all simple. I have just talked him into promising to come to Quézac and do Zoë's portrait there as well as Mme. Lanchester's."

"And she, my father? does she know—?"

"I have not had time as yet to tell her. But depend on it she'll be delighted."

"I am sure she will," Zoë replied, if anything too evenly, "when you have told her. . . . Do make haste, Julien, and relieve her suspense."

She could feel, without looking up to see, the curious, keen countenance which Robert bent upon her as Julien made off, beaming.

He offered at all events no comment, unless his silence were in itself sufficient comment—she couldn't be sure. She was quietly watchful of him, with sidelong eyes. His gaze was remote, his thoughtful half-smile had an effect of constraint which the girl couldn't account for till she perceived it was the made-up smile of a man who gives his mind a mask, that it meant he was listening to something that wasn't intended for his ears and finding it to a degree displeasing.

Zoë hadn't till then paid much heed to the rumor of the gay congregation at the buffet behind them. Now that she took the pains, she could distinguish three voices, two that she knew by their tone, and all speaking English. One

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whose articulation was faintly blurred and sullen would be Mme. Macready's husband. The cawing of M. Tattersall one would know anywhere. The third voice, a strange one but no less distinctively national, she took to be M. Canning's and, detecting in it an undertone almost of rudeness, inferred that he was amusing himself in some way at the expense of poor M. Macready. More than ever she was sorry that she hadn't any serviceable acquaintance with English. Though it was, perhaps, just as well: if she knew what they were saying among themselves, those three, she too might find it disturbing.

IN THE course of the next quarter of an hour M. de Freycinet marked the opportunity he had been wanting and took the first step toward improving it by privately addressing the composer, Monsigny.

"Do me a service, my friend," he said in a tone that caused the other to open his eyes. "I have a small bone to pick with a gentleman who will possibly forget to use his voice like a civilized being."

"One of these Américains has stepped on your toes, eh?"

"Do me the favor to return to the piano and play something noisy."

"With all my heart—provided you promise to invite me if it comes to early coffee and pistols."

"I must not mislead you—I haven't the least hope the affair will work out to any such agreeable dénouement."

"You forget the black magic of music. Shall I play—let me see—the Rakoczy to inflame both your hearts to the point of slaughter?"

"Don't be an ass. Something modern of your own is far more likely to excite strong men to murder."

The friends exchanged smiles of complete amity; and to the martial rumblings of Berlioz, M. de Freycinet took himself off to interrupt a tête-à-tête in which Phillips Canning had contrived to trap Mrs. Lanchester.

"One trusts very truly one is not intruding at an ill-chosen moment," he protested in English and with an impertinence which ignored both the woman's look of glad relief and the knitting of Canning's unkempt brows. "My only excuse is an old, unsatisfied desire to make the acquaintance of monsieur. If madame will have the extreme goodness to present me. . . ."

But the mystified young woman performed this service only to find herself almost pointedly shut out of the picture.

Enviably poised in his own confidence and intentions, M. de Freycinet, in response to Canning's half-puzzled, half-surly nod, bowed with Continental formality, from the hips.

"It is a privilege, monsieur," he said, finger tips barely touching the hand which the American extended. "There is a matter on my mind, a question of some gravity, concerning which I should be glad to consult you. Madame, I am sure, will forgive me if I take you away for a minute, into a corner where we can speak privately."

"I have no doubt," Canning dryly replied after a wait of several seconds, in the course of which his hooded eyes searched to no purpose the figure of polished impudence. "But unless you can show me a reason why I should put myself out to oblige you . . ."

"The reason, monsieur, is one which one would prefer not to discuss in the presence of a lady."

"Indeed?" The American's mouth took a faintly mocking curl. "I expect you know as well as I do you sound uncommonly like a man who imagines that he has something to complain about."

"I would hardly say 'imagine.' . . ."

"I thought as much. But in view of the fact that I've only just met you . . ." The snarl was more pronounced, the stare that stabbed the Frenchman's colder. "Well: come out with it. What's it all about?"

"One has already said the matter is not of a nature to be broached in the presence of madame."

"Then you may as well make up your mind you'll not broach it today."

M. de Freycinet slightly shrugged. "With apologies to madame, then, in which I am sure monsieur joins—"

"When I have anything to apologize for I'll speak for myself."

"The question I have to put to monsieur concerns a term he used not long since, and which I happened by pure chance to overhear, an ambiguous term in reference to a certain lady."

"Oh!"—Canning trained a reminiscent frown on the buffet and brought it again to bear on this plaguey young Frenchman—"I begin to see a light."

"The lady in question is interested in a gentleman whom I am privileged to call my friend. An attachment exists between them."

Mme. Lanchester took a sharp breath and abruptly, with some loss of color, abandoned her pose of a mildly bored neutral.

"Is that so?" she demanded in a harsh voice. "What—?"

"If you please, madame"—M. de Freycinet had another flashing smile—"permit me to thrash this matter out with monsieur in my own fashion."

"By all means," Canning chuckled. "Thrash away to your heart's content."

"The term to which I venture to take exception, monsieur, was, as I remember, 'catalyzer of calamity.' Perhaps monsieur will put himself to the trouble to say what he meant."

"Oh, look it up in your dictionary."

"Monsieur refuses—?"

"Half a minute. Let me get this straight." Canning lowered an instant on Mrs. Lanchester, another on her champion. "You've asked me a lot of questions without my leave. Now let me ask one or two. If you give straight answers, I'll explain what I meant, monsieur, in words of one syllable and right from the shoulder."

"Please—!" Mrs. Lanchester faintly offered.

"Patience." Canning dropped her a smile of deeper mockery. "Let's get at the facts. Unless I've been misinformed, you are going to marry the Comte de Versennes—?"

"The engagement can't be announced just yet, but—"

"I KNOW. It's on the quiet for the looks of the thing, till you leave off your mourning. And this young man is engaged to be married to the count's daughter. All right: now for *my* questions, monsieur. Drive a Mercedes, don't you? Left it parked outside the restaurant Lambert one night a couple of weeks ago, didn't you, while you dined upstairs in a private dining-room with a lady whose identity we won't discuss, eh? Thought I must have seen you somewhere, some time, but I'd never have known where or when if you hadn't reminded me."

He paused, grinning in their dashed faces.

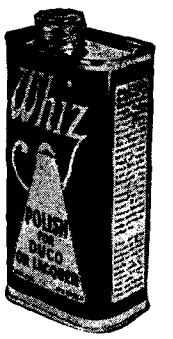
"Now do you still insist on my explaining what I meant by 'catalyzer,' or will you be content to consult a dictionary—?"

He waited yet one more teasing instant.

"It's all right with me if you just want to let the matter drop."

And he showed both a contemptuous back as he marched off to rejoin the Duchess de Chalais.

(To be continued next week)



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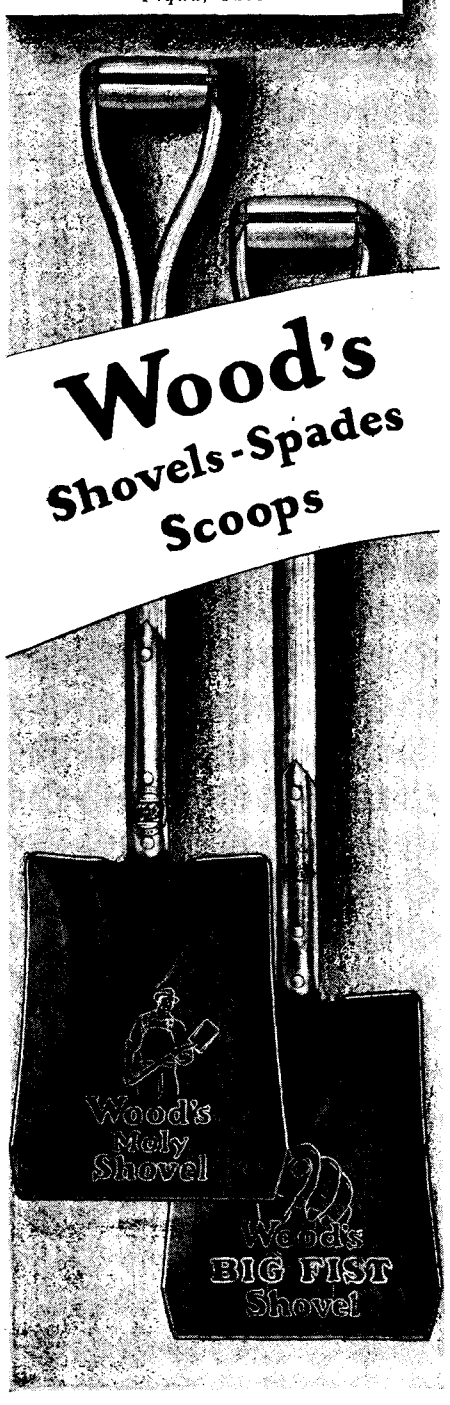

Jack of Parts

Continued from page 35

during a geometric demonstration. Challenged, he confessed that he had thrown something, a bit of candy—never a spitball. His desk, unhappily, did not sustain him. In it was cached a recharge of the moist missiles.

"Eat one of those candies, now," bade the master. Forthwith Master Offield renounced his championship. Soon after, he went east.

At De La Salle Institute in New York, where he became competent with his fists and also a champion indoor pole-vaulter, the boys called him "Oklahoma" because he came from that august state. But even native sons consider Oklahoma a mouthful, which is why they contract it to Okla. Master Offield's school chums did likewise, corrupting it to Okly, thence to the non-labial Oakey, from which the spelling was easily transposed to Oakie and that name he picked when a certain famous lady gave him his first chance at footlights.

Wisecracker

His first job was less entertaining, although he managed to make it exciting. We find Jack Oakie behind a battery of telephones on the floor of the New York Stock Exchange, a clerk for a reputable brokerage house. He was quick, adept—but his animal spirits got in the way again. He developed into the floor clown, cracking gags with every transmitted order.

"I might have been there yet—perhaps forever. But my boss was something of a social light—and he liked me. Took me around to parties to amuse his friends. I was a kid—liked it, even learned parlor tricks and patter. Friends of his were involved in producing the Junior League show in 1920. He called me in.

"'You're pretty good at clowning in and out of business,' he said. 'Too good. They need a comedian in the Junior League show and you're nominated.'

"So I went up to the Plaza Hotel and waded through a roomful of débutantes to meet a lady named May Leslie, agent for the Shuberts, who supervised the Junior League shows. She made me hoof and sing. She liked the hoofing and stopped the singing. A week later I was dancing ahead of an ensemble that boasted belles like Gloria Gould, the Bachrach sisters, and others featured in the Social Register.

"The proceeds went to the Cardiac Hospital, and I went to the Shuberts."

His first appearance in the same cast as Mistinguette, although Mistinguette didn't know about that, has already been recorded for posterity. His second, in a musical splurge called Peggy Ann—that is, his second legitimate bit—followed a vaudeville tour as juvenile for Lulu McConnell, who survived the partnership.

"Frankly," says Oakie, "I lost this second musical comedy job. More animal spirits with a touch of the swelled head. As a chorus lad I tired of the routines. I used to introduce variations. I'd juggle my hat, get out of step and burlesque other lads in the line.

"The audience liked it. The stage manager didn't."

Oakie was warned that comedians were hired at large salaries to make audiences laugh, chorus men at small salaries to vary the monotony. Oakie promised not to offend again.

"You won't," said the stage manager. "You're through."

Mr. Oakie was so mad that he went westward away from it all.

And on the train he met a dark man who was to influence his life. This was Wesley Ruggles, who liked his chatter and his carefree attitude toward dining-car menus. Ruggles became his agent and signed him up for three hundred dollars a week. Mr. Ruggles was, therefore, taking a chance.

"They packed me into a silent picture called Finders Keepers—the part of a tough guy."

Not until they made him villain of a piece in which John Barrymore was the rather mature hero did it begin to dawn upon Oakie that the producers thought him worth something. His manager had switched him around from studio to studio—Fox, Paramount, Universal and Warner Bros., selling him, as it were, on the hoof or hooves. But to be cast as a lead with Barrymore was a distinction.

"I was a gangster in a picture called Roadhouse. John Barrymore was uncle and guardian of the heroine. My spot with him was where I insulted her in his presence. We fought.

"To begin the fight I took a slap at Barrymore. I didn't slap very hard because he was suffering from a bad leg. He couldn't walk without pain. I took the first sock and Barrymore stopped the picture. I figured I'd hit him too hard.

"'Take it over again—and hit, Oakie, hit,' said Barrymore.

"'You mean that?' I said.

"'Hit!' he said, impatiently. 'Make it lifelike.'

"I swung, right to his jaw. Barrymore reeled, and the next thing I knew he'd hit back and I sprawled.

"Don't let anybody ever tell me Barrymore isn't an actor. That bit put more stuff into that picture than any other scene in it."

So much so that, on reports from box offices all over the country to the effect that fans evidenced a desire to see more of Oakie, he was moved up—to play opposite the high-riding Clara Bow.

"Going through routines one day, Clara took me aside:

"'Do you mind if I tell you something?' she asked in that rapid-fire way she has. 'You're good, but you can be much better. When you act don't think of anything but what you're supposed to be acting.'

Be Spontaneous

"She illustrated, showing me, in a vigorous love scene we had together, how by flirting her eyes from both me and the camera, she got an effect of teasing aloofness, a touch of reserve for even her robust characterization of a grown-up gamin.

"I've never forgotten that trick. It was extemporization in the visual. I've made it my rule for extemporization in the talkies—not to plan or memorize lines until you're acting the scene. Then talk it as your type would talk it. The result is more natural than any rehearsed scene.

"I really owe my break in the talkies to Clara Bow and what she taught me. When the alarm went out that the silents were doomed and we'd all have to take the talkie tests, I was frankly worried. Big stars of the stage were yanked out to Hollywood and I saw and heard them step before the mikes and spout their stuff. It all sounded stilted. And the fact that they didn't get across, for the most part, is common knowledge in Hollywood.

"When my time came to be judged by the mike directors, I just improvised a line of natural chatter with Skeets Gallagher, my straight man. It registered."

To cut back a bit. One day Oakie saw his name and his face—both lithographed larger than life, announcing him in Ring Lardner's Elmer the Great, a baseball picture.

This put ideas into his head, especially after his Hard to Get, with Dorothy Mackail opposite, had scored big box-office returns, and Hit the Deck had clinched his reputation.

Mr. Oakie resumes:

"I figured they had made me play opposite all the types of girls they had in Hollywood and that, somehow or other, I'd got across. Now that may seem vain; but it's simply common-sense evaluation. They rate you in Hollywood as a type and play you opposite complementary types. I could be a roughneck against nice girls, a rougher-neck against hoydens, and a shy boy with society girls and a wise-cracker with the sophisticated."

His self-estimate was confirmed in Henri's restaurant one evening. A young man with gray, curly hair strolled to his table, shook his hand.

"You're good, Jack," he said. "Get the money."

Practical doctrine from Charley Chaplin. How, was Mr. Oakie's problem, could he put it into practice?

His chance came. They signed him to make three pictures simultaneously—Let's Go Native, Paramount on Parade and Social Lion.

It's a Hold-Out

Oakie naturally heard what salaries wise young men out of the East were getting. He was staggered. He sent his new manager to the picture powers that be. The new manager said: "Oakie has left Hollywood. He won't be here to continue shooting on those three pictures in the morning."

It was a desperate tactic. True, expensive work was already done on the three super-super-magna films. It would cost thousands upon thousands to scrap them and start afresh. But the movie magnates were no novices in waste. Scouts were sent to drag him back from Agua Caliente, where it was thought he must be—gaming and drinking and frittering away time.

But Oakie was in La Jolla, California, taking a rest after months of twelve-hours-a-day work, Sundays and holidays included. He returned, not to find himself fired, but the subject of a conference at which Jesse Lasky presided.

"As I understand it," said Lasky solemnly, when Oakie entered, "this is a hold-out. You want more money."

"Much more," said Oakie.

"Well," said Lasky. "I don't blame you."

Oakie got it.

Carefree by trade, Jack Oakie does his share of serious thinking.

"The system I introduced of improvising and gagging scenes has had much to do with my inside success," he avers. "A director gives me a script, I con it with the players who are to act with me, and when the time for shooting comes we invent our own natural dialogue arising from the situation specified in the story. That's the new technique of the talkies."

And his doctrine is that all work and little play makes a young Jack hit the high spots and stick to them long enough to become financially independent.

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Better than a Horseshoe

Continued from page 26

had the courage of her convictions."

"Or anybody else's convictions," added Judge Whittemore.

"A pretty woman," said Stanley Cotterell, "Mrs. Farrar." It was obvious his mind lingered warmly over the recollection. "Wonder what she's been doing all these years?"

"In New York, selling hats, Madge tells me." Judge Whittemore was a cousin of the Porters. "It hasn't been too easy going either. She won't let anybody help her and you know the scale they used to live on."

Henry knew too. People used to say she was extravagant. But Henry had always admired Mrs. Farrar. She had never treated him like furniture either. It was hard to imagine her working. Not that she was lazy. Nobody ran upstairs as lightly as she. He remembered her laugh. Other women laughed because it was a party, or because they were embarrassed. Mrs. Farrar had always laughed because she was happy.

HENRY knew the husbands and wives who were in love with each other. A house-boy has many ways of knowing. Always when Mrs. Lyons rang up Mr. Lyons told Henry to say he wasn't there. Even Judge Whittemore had once refused to be disturbed during a bridge game. But never Mr. Farrar. Whenever Mrs. Farrar called he answered. Moreover, Henry had watched them dancing together at the club dances and even he knew that two people never danced like that who didn't love each other.

"So she's staying with Madge Porter," Dillworth repeated.

A red flush crept up under Fred Lyons' skin, a flush of anger because for once in his ruthless life he had been balked by something. "Madge hadn't any business to take her in."

And then, for the first time in fifteen years of perfect service, Henry made a blunder. All four men at the table started when the card table that he was folding crashed to the floor.

"You clumsy—" began Fred Lyons.

Henry faced them, his hands still nervous. "I'm sorry, sir."

"You ought to be," snapped Lyons. "What are you doing, anyway? Clear out quick!"

"Yes, sir." Halfway across the room Lyons stopped him.

"By the way, I expect a call. When it comes put it through to the other cardroom. I'll take it there."

"Yes, sir."

In the hallway outside Henry stopped. It was all clear now. He knew why Mr. Lyons hated Mrs. Porter. Mrs. Farrar was staying at the Porters' and that made her hard to get at. Perhaps Mrs. Porter had even been in the room when Fred Lyons called up. Henry had heard it all, every word of it. Fred Lyons thought he was so smart to go into the little cardroom at the end of the line to talk. But he didn't know that the door never quite latched, or that Henry was brushing up the floor outside.

Henry heard a great many telephone conversations in the course of the day. A stream of them went through his head without leaving any residue of thought, for most of the things he knew about rich and important men were secret even from himself. But when he heard Mr. Lyons ask to speak to Mrs. Farrar something clicked in Henry's mind and he was listening as well as hearing.

"This you, Madeleine?" That, Henry knew, was Mrs. Farrar's name. "Look here, you can't leave town without my seeing you."

There was a moment.

"You can't keep stringing me along like this. It's no good waiting for him. He can't ever do anything for you now. And I can. I tell you, Madeleine, I'd spend the rest of my life doing things for you if you'd let me."

Again a pause.

"Don't try to put me off. Remember, you're a woman and alone. You know what it's like to be poor now. You ought to be settled. You aren't the sort that's made to go it single."

Henry knew how that was. Work and loneliness did things to a person like that Mrs. Farrar. Her sort was made for the big dances at the club, for the gay little dinners.

"Listen to me. If you want to stay in New York, all right. But I've got to go to Paris in the spring. Your town, Paris. You could have a flat there, and every morning I'd send you all the flowers there are in the market by the Madeleine. Madeleine. That's your name, too."

Henry had listened, astounded. Fred Lyons was crazy about her now, all right. But Fred Lyons was mean. If she went to him Henry knew how he'd treat her some day. Just the way he did Mrs. Lyons. Maybe he'd started off like that with her too.

"Don't answer me now," he had said. "Think it over. I won't leave the club until you ring me up." Then Henry had heard the receiver click.

And now Fred Lyons had just said Mrs. Porter shouldn't have taken her in. Ah, Henry knew men well. He'd seen them in season and out, drunk and sober, fortunate and oppressed, these fifteen years. Poor Mr. Farrar was in prison and Fred Lyons was president of a great company. But Henry knew which was the better man.

Henry was not a person given to habits of thought. Decisions had come to him mostly in the shape of orders. But tonight, while they were talking of Mr. Farrar, that Mr. Farrar who had said, "Henry, you're better luck to me than a horseshoe," he had made a decision. Henry was used to lying. How many times that very evening he'd said, "Sorry, he's just gone." Well, he would say it once more. Mrs. Farrar was leaving for New York on the one-o'clock. He'd got that from the conversation too. Well, New York wasn't just next door. Mr. Lyons would have a chance to cool off, to think things over. Henry guessed that Mr. Lyons would be, even in his lovemaking, a coward.

At last—about twelve o'clock—Henry's chance came. It had been four years since he had heard Madeleine Farrar's voice but he knew it.

"Mr. Lyons has just gone."

"Oh." That sound might have been relief. It might have been only that she was tired.

IT WAS another hour before the card game broke up. "Look here," said Judge Whittemore, "we're too old to stay out after one o'clock."

Fred Lyons got out of his chair, left the room. There wasn't any use in staying now. Henry helped him on with his coat. And then Lyons turned upon him: "No telephone call for me tonight, Henry?"

Henry shook his head. He was only a house-boy but he was a far better actor than the great Fred Lyons. "No. sir. Good night, sir," said Henry, who was better than a horseshoe for Bob Farrar.

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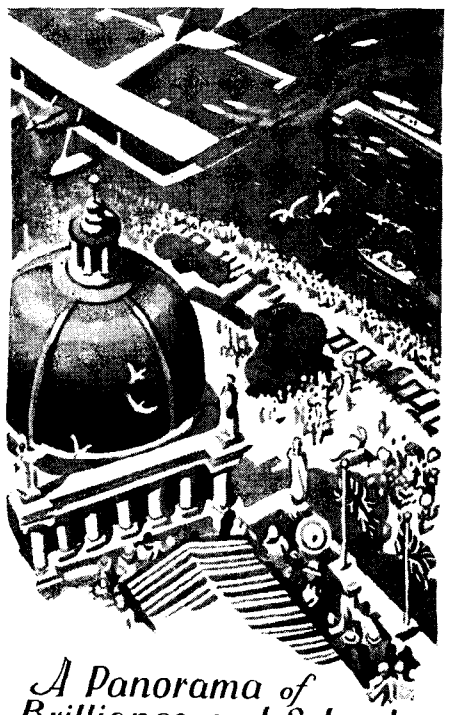

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Both Were Young

Continued from page 13

ponderously from his desk, with gay cordiality.

Mr. Greminger's abiding faith in the friendliness of destiny, severely shaken by the item in this morning's Lakeport Courier and by the little lady's ominous failure, yesterday, to make her usual visit to the model home, was now confirmed and vindicated. His nineteen years of signal success in the exacting game of selling high-class subdivision homesites had demanded and developed, as he frequently explained, a subconscious pers'nality that was kind of teluhpathic, and it was this which now enlightened and governed him.

The little lady's boy friend had left her waiting at the church but she wasn't going to advertise the fact by laying down on the job of furnishing the love nest. No, sir. She was a good sport and a game loser, and it was no part of the high-class homesite subdivision game to bring up unhappy topics of conversation.

Mr. Greminger, therefore, conspicuously forbore to mention that item in the Courier.

"I was juss going up to take a look at the overcurtains in the lib'ary," he said, "but somepin told me you'd be showing up and so I waited. Less go see how that lib'ary looks."

It looked very well indeed. So well that, as she seated herself in the deep, soft, denim-covered chair to survey the effect of the newly hung overcurtains, Lollie's lower lip quivered a little.

"It's perfectly darling," she said. "I'm just going to *hate* letting somebody else buy it and live in it when it's finished."

Mr. Greminger wagged his head solemnly.

"Don't you believe for a minute that anybody else is gonna take title to this prop'ty, little lady. I wouldn't of been such a success in the high-class end of this game if my subconscious pers'nality wasn't teluhpathic enough to know the difference between juss a quincidence and a thing that's *meant!*"

He clicked his cheek so impressively against the golden molars that Lollie felt a curiously heartening sense of reassurance.

For some reason it became necessary and possible to hate Gilbert Dolliver a little more earnestly than ever.

THE task of disabusing her parents' minds of the intolerable suspicion that she regretted, for sentimental reasons, Gilbert Dolliver's departure was greatly simplified for Lollie by Mr. Cadwalader Jarrett's presence at the dinner table.

He provided her with the means of demonstrating not merely her freedom from any lingering fondness for Gilbert, but her active pleasure in the society of someone else. Moreover, he justified her in a display of ardent daughterliness which, with increasing frequency as the meal progressed, constrained her father to glance triumphantly across the table at his wife.

"There! Didn't I tell you so?"

The words were not uttered, to be sure, but Plimsoll could see that they carried, nevertheless, to Albertine, and that, although she did not visibly admit their justice, she was quite able to decode their meaning.

Albertine's face, obstinately uncheerful, was the only flaw in an occasion otherwise perfect. Plimsoll resented it, not only because wrong-headedness always exasperated him, but mainly because of the implied reflection on his vindicated judgment and diplomacy.

It was therefore with relief as well as pleasure that he heard his daughter, after coffee in the living-room, invite young Mr. Jarrett to the library—pleasure because Lollie, for the first time, addressed Mr. Jarrett as Cadwalader, relief because it was now feasible to speak frankly to Albertine.

He waited until the radio provided a protective screen of clamor. Then, leaning forward, elbows on knees, he spoke:

"For heaven's sake, Teenie, snap out of it! Didn't you hear her call him Cadwalader?"

Teenie's mouth tightened to the provocative obstinacy of the meek.

"Yes, I heard her."

"WELL, then, stop looking as if you'd lost your last friend! For weeks you've been making yourself and everybody else miserable about nothing."

"Nothing!" Bitterness was in Albertine's echo.

"Yes. Nothing and nothing net! You couldn't help seeing, all through dinner, that Lollie's all right. Nobody could have been any nicer to you and me."

"That boy was there." Albertine sniffed. "Of course she had to be sweet to us."

Plimsoll was astounded. His own uncanny knowledge of the human mind had observed, of course, that the nearness of a personable young man could intensify, subconsciously, an adoring daughter's outward show of affection for a worthy sire, but he had never suspected that Teenie could be capable of making this discovery for herself.

"Well, even allowing for that, she was perfectly lovely to us, all through dinner."

Albertine sniffed again. "You ought to have heard her at lunch!"

"Well, if you insisted on insulting her with this wild idea of yours that she actually liked that Dolliver boy, I don't blame her for resenting it!"

"Oh, I knew you'd find some way of saying it was all my fault! You always blame me for everything!"

"There, there, Teenie. I'm just trying to make you realize how silly it is to insist on worrying about nothing!"

"Nothing!" Again Albertine's echo vibrated with reproach. "Do you think it's nothing when your own daughter falls in love with—"

"Of course not! If I thought my daughter was capable of doing such a thing I'd—well, I'd find some way of handling that, too. That's just what I'm trying to make you understand. You know what happened to Daniel H. Masterson when he thought he was big enough to jam into the adding machine game."

"Oh, that!" Albertine shrugged her shoulders. "That was just business."

Plimsoll overlooked the almost blasphemous innuendo of the tone. He inhaled deeply.

"Exactly," he said. "And so is this. Everything's a business. Life's a business. Being a father's a business. And I'm just as competent to manage this father business as I am when I'm selling adding machines. I've proved it. Look the facts in the face, Teenie. Just suppose, for a minute, that you were right and that Lollie was really in lo—really fond of that worthless young pup. What difference would it make?"

"I'm not worrying about him," said Albertine. "I'm worrying about Lollie."

Plimsoll sighed patiently.

"Why? She hasn't even mentioned him since he left except to say he was perfectly repellent."

"That's just why I'm worried. If she'd only talk about him I'd know she wasn't thinking about him."

Plimsoll spread his hands.

"There's no arguing against such absolutely cock-eyed logic as that. If you're bound to be miserable, I can't stop you. You can't help seeing, though, that Lollie isn't miserable."

He wagged his head in the direction of the library.

"Even if you were right you wouldn't need to worry, as long as I'm on my job of being a father. I know enough not to take a child's toys away from her without giving her something else to play with. Even if Lollie liked Gilbert it wouldn't matter, as long as I can ship that bassoon-tooting simpleton halfway round the world and bring home a boy like that fine youngster in there now. I don't say that he's good enough for Lollie, but I do know that he's good enough to make her forget Gilbert Dolliver in five minutes by the clock!"

"How?" demanded Albertine. "Do you really think that the way to make Lollie forget about Gilbert, who at least doesn't talk about adding machines, is to bring home somebody who can't talk about anything else?"

Plimsoll was dumfounded. Albertine, speaking of adding machines in the voice of anger and contempt! And, as if to refute the slander upon Mr. Jarrett's conversational gifts, at just this instant, creamily clear above the muted groans and snortings of the radio, came Lollie's laughter.

EVEN Albertine seemed impressed. Her face, incredulous and startled, turned blankly toward the library door. Plimsoll, rising to obtain a cigarette, swerved in his returning course so that, as if by accident, he came within earshot of the voices in the other room.

"No, seriously"—and Mr. Jarrett's voice was very serious—"I think your father is the greatest man in the United States. Just the few contacts I've had with him so far—why, you can't imagine what they've meant to me. I can hardly believe it's true that I'm associated in business with B. V. Plimsoll, that I'm invited to his house, this way—"

Appalled by the recollection that there had been a moment when he had doubted, almost disliked this admirable young fellow, Belden Plimsoll tiptoed back to his chair. He found his wife's eye fixed upon him with its supremely irritating look of seeing through him.

"Well? What was he telling her about adding machines to make her laugh like that?"

Plimsoll hesitated. As the question was phrased, a truthful answer would make it appear that his daughter had been moved to mirth by a conservative estimate of her father's worth.

"He was telling her a funny story," he said.

"I didn't think he knew one," said Albertine. She continued to gaze skeptically at the doorway. "And I didn't like the way she laughed, either." Her look clouded. "It sounded—well, there was something bitter about it."

Plimsoll's patience vanished.

"I've had enough of this nonsense, Teenie! Everything's all right and you know it, but you're bound and determined to be miserable and to make me miserable too. If you're going to keep this up till you go to bed, for heaven's sake go now and let me get a little peace! I've earned it and I need it and I'm going to have it!"

Albertine, without answering, rose and withdrew.

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His evening paper failed to hold Plimsoll's attention. He laid it aside gladly when Lollie and young Jarrett came in.

"Cadwalader"—to her father's ear Lollie's voice seemed to dwell almost lovingly on the syllables—"Cadwalader has to tear himself away, Daddy."

"Must you?" Plimsoll was sincere in the protest. The more Lollie saw of this youngster, the better, whether or not there was any color of truth in poor Teenie's funny notions. "It's early."

"I'm afraid I must, sir. I make it a rule to do some reading every night, I'm working on Dr. Dellenbaugh's International Finance, just now, and I'd better get home and get at it or it'll be eleven before I start. I make it a hard and fast rule to put my light out sharp at eleven, every night except Saturday, sir."

"Daddy wouldn't dream of letting you break such perfectly *noble* rules on my account," said Lollie. "Tell him it's all right for him to go, daddy, or he'll be afraid to." She paused. "Cadwalader's got a perfectly tremendous respect for you, daddy. He's been telling me about it ever since dinner. You mustn't weaken his good opinion of you by making him stay just to amuse me!"

Beaming, Plimsoll moved his hand in affable dismissal. Escorted as far as the door of the room by Lollie, Mr. Jarrett, visibly treading air, departed. Lollie, to her father's joy, came back, lighted a companionable cigarette and reclined at ease in the deep chair that faced his own.

"Has mother gone to bed in tears, as usual?"

Plimsoll decided to be frank. You had, as Noonan said, to be buddies with 'em.

"I'm afraid your mother's not very well. She keeps worrying about"—he paused—"well, it's usually about you."

Lollie blew a perfectly circular little ring of smoke and impaled it neatly on the third finger of her left hand.

"What have I been doing this time?"

Again her father decided in favor of frankness:

"It's so silly I'm ashamed to repeat it, but she's got it into her head that you, well, that you liked that Dolliver boy, and she's afraid that"—he chuckled—"that absence may make you fonder, I suppose."

LOLLIE nodded, rather to his relief. He'd been afraid she might flare up, as she had every right to do.

"That's what I thought," she said. "Something she said at lunch sounded as if she actually believed I'd been furnishing that house out at Paradise Heights with some fantastic intention of"—she waved her hand as if to apologize for clothing the thought in words—"of settling down in it with Mrs. Dolliver's little darling!"

Plimsoll chuckled again.

"Of course I don't need to tell you, do I," said Lollie, "that I'm not breaking my poor heart because that mamma's precious pet has gone to India?"

"Well, you're not lifting any great weight off my mind," said Plimsoll. "From what I saw of Gilbert he didn't seem very likely to appeal to you."

"I should hope not! Why, he's awful! He's twenty-three years old and he does everything his mother tells him! He wouldn't dare breathe if she told him not to. It's just *revolting!*"

"I wish you could think of some way of persuading your poor mother that you aren't pining away because Mrs. Dolliver's raised her boy to be a yes-man," said Plimsoll.

Lollie blew another ring and again thrust through it the third finger of her left hand.

"She'll just have to outgrow it," she said. "But I'm glad you don't think I like that boy. Like him? Why, I'm almost sorry he's gone. I'd like to tell him just once how perfectly repellent I think he is. I'd like—"

She paused. Over her face there flowed the look of one who listens, unbelievingly, to distant angel choirs. Her father listened also. Beyond the windows that fronted on the drive he heard the unlovely sound of slatternly machinery.

Breathless, he saw the dawn of rapture transfigure his daughter's countenance, saw her spring up and hasten gladly to obey, before she heard it, the abysmal soughing, melancholy and yet triumphant, of an indubitable bassoon.

THE night brought counsel to Belden Plimsoll. By morning he had rallied strongly from the double shock of Gilbert's return and Lollie's unmistakable rejoicing in the event. From the high, unsteady summit of his horse, as he faced the perils of his early ride, he could see clearly that he had, as always, been altogether right.

He had Lollie's own emphatic word to reassure him as to her attitude toward Gilbert. She had spoken of him with contempt and aversion that had been visibly sincere. Her gladness when she heard his car, therefore, and rushed forth to heed the summoning bassoon, must have been due to the unhoped-for repossession of a useful pawn.

To this conclusion, as to a strong rock, Plimsoll clung fast. Upon the firm foundation of that rock he set about the reconstruction of his defenses. For this purpose it was necessary to obtain, as soon as possible, full information from the front, and on that errand, clad in the boots and breeches of equitation, he tapped softly at his daughter's door.

A sleepy murmur bade him enter. Flushed with slumber and drowsy-lidded, Lollie regarded him with the kindly amity of a graceful winner, and, although he was far from admitting defeat, it was as a good loser that he strove to bear himself.

"What happened?"

Lollie giggled sleepily.

"Gilbert," she said, "seems to have missed the boat."

It occurred to Plimsoll that he should have anticipated this. He knew Pansy. A just man, he blamed himself for having trusted overmuch in Noonan.

"I'm not surprised to hear it," he said. "Pansy will certainly be late for her own funeral."

"Oh, she didn't miss the boat. She's on it right now."

Plimsoll stared. "Then how did Gilbert happen to—"

"He says"—Lollie giggled again—"he says he just got off for a minute, and that the ship started before he could get on again. That's his story, anyway, and he sticks to it."

Her voice and face left no room for doubt that she accepted the statement, herself, with a generous sifting of salt.

"You don't seem to believe it," said Plimsoll.

"Well, I don't think it was quite as accidental as all that. I have a sneaking idea that Gilbert missed that boat on purpose."

"Why should he?"

"I don't believe he was ever very crazy about being a Buddhist priest, and naturally he'd want to stay here, too."

"Why?"

"Why, father! I'm surprised that you should ask that! Wouldn't anybody want to stay in Lakeport? Isn't it the Queen City of the whole Saugahatch Basin, where nature, art and industry combine to make an earthly paradise, where skies are bluer, where life's worth living twice?"

Plimsoll's hand demanded a truce to

(*Continued on page 52*)

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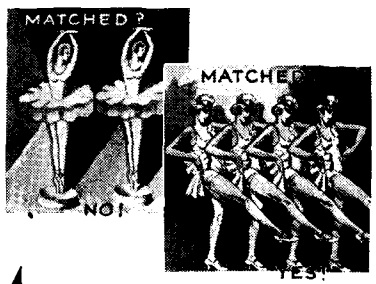

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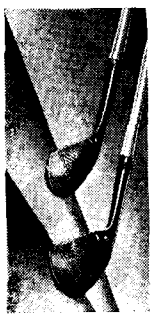

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GRAND SLAM Golf Clubs

(*Continued from page 51*)

impious persiflage. This was not the time or place for verbatim quotation from the sacred writings of the Commerotary Club.

"Why should Gilbert want to stay here?" he said curtly.

"Well, besides the blue skies and the pure artesian water," said Lollie thoughtfully, "there's his bassoon. He's terribly interested in that and he gets free lessons here, and a fine place to practice."

Plimsoll made a mental note. Here was one advantage of residing in Lakeport that could be summarily eliminated.

"And of course he can live here for almost nothing," said Lollie, "staying in his own house."

"I thought that was closed."

"It's really quite a weird coincidence." She sobered suddenly at the word. "Or perhaps it isn't a coincidence at all. Mr. Greminger says—"

"Never mind Greminger. Isn't the Dolliver house closed?"

"No. You see, Mrs. Dolliver left the keys with her cook, so that she could come in every now and then to sweep and dust, and Zenia—that's the cook—decided afterward that it would be more convenient if she and her husband just stayed right in the house. So they're both there to look after Gilbert. Isn't it queer that it should happen that way? Mr. Greminger would say that it was *meant.*"

IN SPITE of his immense contempt for puny destiny Belden Plimsoll knew a moment of dark, superstitious fear. He shook it from him sternly.

"Isn't he going to India at all, then? Does he intend to hang around here?"

"Yes. He—"

"What about his mother?"

"Oh, of course she's trying to make him catch the next steamer and meet her at Marseilles. She keeps sending him wireless telegrams, but he's behaving perfectly splendidly about that."

"Oh, is he?"

"Yes. He's not going to pay any attention to those telegrams. He's going to live his own life and stop letting his mother boss him around like a baby. He's fine!"

"I thought you said he was repellent."

"That was when I thought he didn't have any—any self-respect at all. Of course I'd despise a man who let his mother treat him like—like a kind of a live doll, but when he came back and I found out he'd decided to live his own life, why, of course, I was crazier about him than ever."

Plimsoll was not deceived. The game of bluff, he knew, had been resumed, and at this game two could play.

"That interests me," he said. "What is there about him that makes you crazy, Lollie?"

Lollie reflected deeply.

"It's hard to say. For one thing he can have a good time without trying. He—he just has it. Most boys have to go to a frightful lot of trouble to enjoy themselves, and expect a girl to work twice as hard as they do to see that they're happy, but Gilbert just likes what he's doing, where he is. It's terribly restful."

"I see. He impresses you as a born gentleman of leisure."

"Yes. That's just what I mean. You do understand me so marvelously, father. Gilbert's different from anybody else I ever met. He's a real gentleman of leisure. And there aren't many of them in the world, and almost none at all in the United States."

"You're wrong about that. The country's overrun with 'em."

"Not like Gilbert. Of course there are lots of Americans who don't work, but that isn't what I mean. They make work out of loafing; they play golf or polo or poker or bridge just the way their grandfathers used to build railroads or sell groceries. Gilbert's the only boy I know who can have a good time without working for it."

Plimsoll was relieved rather than alarmed. Lollie had gone too far. It would need a better actress than she was to persuade Belden Plimsoll that a daughter of his could admire idleness and uselessness as arts and virtues.

"You seem to have a low opinion of work," he said.

"It's all right if you have to do it," Lollie conceded, "or if it's the only thing you know how to do, but why anybody should work when they don't either want to or have to is a mystery to me. What's the sense of it?"

It was a point which did not impress Plimsoll as worthy of debate. He knew, now, that he was being cleverly played upon.

"I don't see how that applies to Gilbert," he said. "I'll admit that he doesn't like to work and that he wouldn't be any good at it, but how about having to? With his mother so far away, he won't be able to sponge on her little income, the way he's always done, and—"

"Oh, I don't believe Gilbert will ever have to work for money," said Lollie.

"Why not?"

"Because he's so perfectly sure to marry somebody with a lot of it, of course."

It would have been a deep thrust if Plimsoll had not been armored against it. He did not even wince.

"What makes you so sure of that? I'll grant you that he's exactly the sort to want a rich wife and be perfectly content to have her support him, but how do you figure that he's bound to get one?"

"Because he's just the boy to appeal to a girl whose—whose father, say, had never done anything except make money. Don't you see that? The men she'd know would all be—go-getters, and there wouldn't be any need for another go-getter in her life. She'd want to marry somebody who didn't have to keep his nose on the grindstone, getting more money; she'd want somebody who could enjoy life without spending most of it in an office, and the rest of it going after pleasure just as busily and tiresomely."

"And so, of course, she'd choose a perfectly useless, lazy, good-for-nothing grafter like—"

"I think she'd be pretty sure to like somebody like Gilbert," said Lollie brazenly. "He's so perfectly happy with his funny old car and his funny old bassoon and—"

"His funny old mother?"

PLIMSOLL put a relentless finger on the weak point. It was all very well for Lollie to pretend that Gilbert's complete uselessness seemed enviable and admirable, but she couldn't possibly tell him, with a straight face, that Pansy Mole impressed her as a desirable mother-in-law.

"Of course, she's pretty terrible," Lollie conceded, "but I don't believe she'll bother Gilbert very much, by the time this trip's over."

"Why not?"

Lollie's face sobered. "It's really weird, father. Just think of the chances against things happening the way they have! There's poor old Cousin Arthur Timlow, perfectly mad about Mrs. Dolliver for years and years, and never having any money except what he could wheedle out of you; and there's Mrs. Dolliver, so wrapped up in bossing Gilbert around that she didn't feel the need of somebody else to manage; and all at once they're on the same boat, and both going to India, and poor Cousin Arthur's managed to get a splendid position, with loads of money to spend; and just to make things absolutely perfect, Gilbert misses the boat!" She paused to laugh softly. "And one of the reasons why he got off the boat, he told me, was because poor Cousin Arthur was on it! He just can't be bothered to hate people, usually, but for some reason he simply can't *bear* poor Cousin Arthur. Isn't it perfectly uncanny, father? Don't you think that maybe Mr. Greminger's right, and that things couldn't happen this way unless they were *meant?*"

Plimsoll made no answer. Lollie pounded her pillow flat.

"I almost believe it, anyway. I don't believe Gilbert was meant to go to India. I think he couldn't have gone if he'd wanted to."

"You do, eh? You work it out that Destiny has some other designs for him, do you? What, for instance?"

"I think he was meant to be a nice, comfortable country gentleman or something like that." Lollie's eye dwelt on the boots and breeches. "I just know he'd look simply gorgeous in riding clothes."

HER father glanced downward at his breeches and boots. There had been no criticism implied in Lollie's tone and yet he was aware of a vague dissatisfaction with an appearance that had hitherto been the chief redeeming feature of horsemanship.

"Let's hope," he said, "that it works out that way. It would be a pity to spoil him, I can see, by anything so dull and vulgar as work."

"I just knew you'd understand," said Lollie gratefully. "I'm so glad we've had this talk, too. It's made me realize how I feel about Gilbert. I didn't know, before."

She pillowed her cheek, closed her eyes and returned to slumbers manifestly untroubled. Her father, after a moment, accepted this dismissal and quietly left the room.

By dint of exceeding caution he bathed, dressed and descended to his Spartan breakfast without waking Albertine, and was thus able to defer, for the present, an interview for which he felt strongly disinclined.

His first action, at the office, was to telephone to Noonan, whose disclaimers of responsibility for the disaster he cut resolutely short, bidding the detective, curtly, to resume at once his professional activities in respect to Gilbert Dolliver.

The conversation gave him a soothing sense of cunning and of action. He was able to turn his attention to the documents on his desk, documents sifted out by efficient system from the mass of matters undeserving of the august eye of a chief executive. Only one of these, this morning, seemed to demand immediate and personal notice, however, and this was a telegram dealing with affairs wholly unrelated to the Intercontinental Adding Machine Corporation. It was a wireless message, transmitted from the steamship Campestre:

Terribly anxious about Gilbert he missed boat and has returned home am depending on you to take care of him and see that he takes first steamer Marseilles please telegraph daily dreadfully worried PANSY

Plimsoll drew in a deep breath. Summoning a taxicab he bore his written warrant resolutely northward along the boulevard to Elmwood Park.

Although, indirectly, he was paying the cost of their transmission, he did not even count the superfluous words of Pansy's message.

(*To be continued next week*)

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They Think They're Happy

Continued from page 19

girl back there in the restaurant."

Without a word Jeff handed it over.

She held it in her hand for a moment, biting her lip.

"It's nice and plump," she remarked after a moment in a strained voice. "I suppose there is a lot more in it than the three hundred dollars you swindled out of me." Jeff said nothing.

She turned away from him and looked over the river. . . . With a weary little sigh she turned back and looked him square in the face.

"I suppose," she continued, rather as though she was speaking to someone not there, "that the money you got from me was just chicken feed for you."

JEFF found his voice at last.

"I can assure you," he began, "that it was not. I needed it—"

"Of course," she interrupted, "your kind always does. I can't understand it at all," she burst out, "you look so decent—so nice. I thought at first you were real. I thought after Mrs. Burnside turned me out that you were one of the better sort of confidence men. I could respect you somewhat for that and for your ingenuity in impersonating Jeff Burnside. But now I see that you are just a second-rate thief. The dirtiest kind of a thief, taking money away from poor little drunken girls, under the pretense of making love to them."

Jeff had nothing to say to that. After all, what could you say?

They stood there for what seemed ages before she roused herself.

"Well," she said, "is there any reason why I shouldn't turn you over to the police?"

"That wouldn't help you to get your three hundred again," Jeff said.

She turned on him like a fury, if furies wear dinner gowns and cry on the Château Frontenac terrace.

"You idiot!" she screamed at him. "What do I care about the three hundred? I can make plenty more money."

It was a new idea for Jeff. He had never thought about earning money and here was a girl who spoke as if anyone could go out and make money just by wanting to.

Neither of them noticed that Grace Foster had left the party and was standing near, had been there for some time. When she said, "What's all the row, Jeff?" they were startled.

"He is not Jeff," Katherine answered, "and the row is over his taking little ways."

Jeff said nothing. He's good at that.

Grace, in her most kittenish manner, entwined her arm through his and stood there for all the world as if she owned him, giving Katherine the lofty once-over.

"I gather," she remarked in her most Park Avenue manner, "that this young person" (Katherine didn't like that) "seems to think that she has a claim on you for something or other. Did you have her in your apartment, Jeff? And do you owe her three hundred dollars?"

It sounded pretty bad the way she put it.

She insolently reached out and took her handbag away from Katherine and fished out a wad of bills and peeled off three one-hundred-dollar notes.

"Here you are," she said, holding them out to Katherine.

Jeff started into action then. It may have been mentioned that Jeff is as long on action as he is short on small talk. His hands almost met around Grace's waist as he picked her up. He turned her clear around, set her down with her face pointing toward the hotel and gave her a little push in that general direction.

"Get out of here," he said. "Go wash your face, sober up, and get somebody to teach you manners."

She went, but when Jeff turned to speak to Katherine, she was gone too. Far along the walk was a blur that looked as though it might be Katherine running. It was. But she hadn't a chance when Jeff tucked his arms against his sides and took out after her.

She faced him at last, spent and panting. Jeff just stood and looked at her and he was panting a little too. Perhaps he wasn't in such good condition.

Katherine got her breath and her voice finally or they might have been there still.

"So," she said, "you really are Jeff Burnside?"

Jeff looked pretty miserable about it.

"That," said Katherine, "makes it even worse."

She had practically no mercy on him at all. She told him things about himself—the sort a fellow rarely wants to sit down and think over. She regarded it as a major crime that he had run away from Aunt Henrietta, but of course she didn't know Aunt Henrietta.

"It's lucky," she wound up, "that my firm sent me up here to look over winter sports fashions or I should probably never have had a chance to get hold of you and to *make* you set things right with Miss Burnside."

Something in the way she said *make* got under Jeff's skin.

"Oh! I say," he bleated. "Aren't you coming it a bit strong?"

"Not a bit of it," Katherine asserted stubbornly. "Why, one would almost think that your Aunt Henrietta had you terrified."

"Lady," said Jeff, and he was very serious. He looked all around him the way people used to do when they mentioned the Inquisition. "Lady, you don't know Aunt Henrietta. Terror simply isn't the word."

If a nice girl can do anything like that, Katherine snorted.

"I have seen her. And I'm not afraid of her."

IT WAS a defiant speech, but Katherine looked around a little uneasily too.

"Anyhow," she continued, "you owe it to me to go back to New York and see her and explain."

"Now see here," said Jeff—you might have expected him to break into loud sobs at any moment—"can't you be reasonable? I wired our lawyers, they'll fix it. Don't be one of these female Shylocks, or what not. You don't need a pound of flesh. Go vegetarian for a while."

"This is no place for levity," Katherine remarked. (Really, just between us, there is something about that girl that continually reminds one of Aunt Henrietta, herself.)

They argued, and what chance had Jeff? What chance has anybody, any man, that is, when a determined female has made up her mind?

In the morning at an ungodly hour the bell captain and the valet and the porter were at Jeff's door, saying they had instructions from Katherine to see that Mr. Burnside got packed and ready for the early train. Jeff hadn't time to shave, but he didn't care at all.

At last they were on the train, on their way. Jeff nurtured impossible ideas of escape, none of which came to anything. It was an express and a fel-

(*Continued on page 54*)

LE MOMENT SURPRENANT
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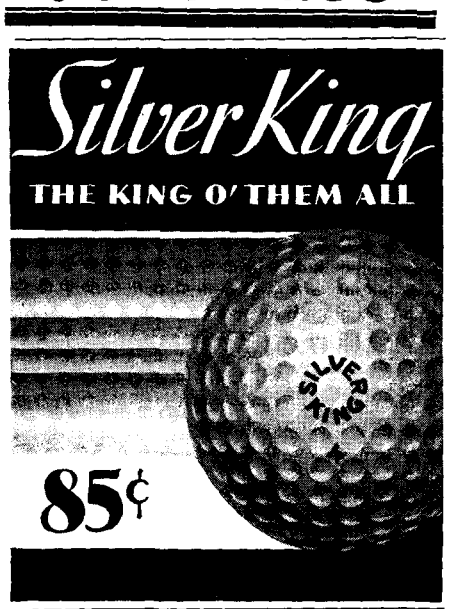

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(*Continued from page 53*)

low can't get off in the wilds of Maine, there isn't any place to go, and at Harman, his very last chance, Katherine caught him just when he thought he had made good his get-away and they got back by a very, very narrow margin indeed.

Town looked like a dreary, empty waste to Jeff. They got into a taxicab and started at once to Aunt Henrietta's house. It was then that the great idea came to Jeff. He became the man of action once more. He opened the window and said to the taxi fellow:

"Drive us around the park."

"We don't want to go around the park," Katherine put in.

"Shut up," Jeff said to her. "Every condemned man has a right to make a last request and this is mine."

They drove up the Avenue, and into the park, Katherine looking bewildered, saying nothing. Jeff scared and grim all together.

As they passed Sherman, Jeff took a deep breath and plunged in.

"See here," said Jeff, "I suppose that you know that I'm awfully dotty about you."

"Well, well," Katherine scoffed. "So the little heart-breaker is going to try the well-known line, is he?"

"It's not a line." Jeff was indignant. "I've never said that to any girl before in my life. That is—well—not seriously."

Katherine turned up her nose.

"I'm frightfully serious," Jeff pleaded. "It's against my principles and all that—you know how it is—but—er—er—will you marry me?"

The way Katherine looked at him was enough to get under any fellow's skin. Jeff felt the fighting spirit of the Burnsides flowing inside of him. He kept it down because he realized that now was not the time to be hasty. He tried salesmanship.

"I'm really not a half-bad egg," he advanced for her consideration. "Er—a—I'm—a—well, you know. Sound in wind and limb. No bad habits to speak of, no past—"

"No future," put in Katherine. "Utterly useless, ornamental and dumb—"

"Just so," said Jeff triumphantly. "I knew you were a reasonable girl."

"Reasonable!" Katherine almost spat it out. "If you think that there is anything reasonable or sensible or decent about this whole business, you're just—you're just— Oh, just Jeff Burnside."

JEFF beamed fatuously. He thought things were going famously, until she spoke again.

"Now listen to me carefully," she said between her teeth. "In the first place, I wouldn't marry you if you were the last man on earth, which you couldn't be, because you aren't a man at all. In the second place, I wouldn't marry you, because I'll only marry a man whom I love and who loves me, and, in the third place, I wouldn't marry you because I hate you and detest you and because I never want to see you again."

Jeff was aghast. After all, it was pretty comprehensive even if it was a bit incoherent. Then that part about his not being a man began to sink in. The fighting anger of the good old Burnsides that he had kept nobly hidden up to that moment welled and welled up inside of him and overflowed in a gush.

"All right," said Jeff and his face was white. "All right. I might as well be hanged for a sheep as a cow, or whatever it is. Here's where I turn cad as well as mucker. Here I come."

He took her hands by the wrists, pulled them around behind her back while she struggled like a wildcat, then holding them there with his left hand and using his left arm to bring her closer, he raised her chin with his right and kissed her thoroughly and completely and in a workmanlike manner. Kissed her until she had stopped scratching, or trying to, and biting (which, it must be admitted that she did). Kissed her until she began crying soft feminine tears that flowed in streams. Then he tossed her into the corner of the seat and said:

"Now we're going to see Aunt Henrietta, and to hell with it all."

ONCE again he leaned out and spoke to the driver and they turned east and drove up to Aunt Henrietta's house. The peculiar thing is what Katherine did just as he helped her out of the cab, after she had repaired her complexion and powdered her nose. Katherine said:

"Oh, Jeff, you fool. Why didn't you kiss me before?"

She ran up the steps and had rung the bell before he had a chance to do or say anything.

Thompkins, Aunt Henrietta's butler, is one of the best. He takes a bit of knowing, he has one of those stand-offish personalities, but there is the real timber in Thompkins. He saw at once that there was something unusual in the wind, and, instead of showing them into the drawing-room, which is cold and French and worse than anything Dante ever described, he took them into the small study and lighted the fire. It wasn't cozy, nothing could have been, but it showed what sort of a fellow Thompkins was.

They waited. It's one of Aunt Henrietta's tricks. They waited until their blood congealed and the marrow froze in their bones. And then they waited until it had all thawed and their knees had turned to water. Then, with absolutely no foundations at all, they waited for the inevitable dissolution, which was Aunt Henrietta.

She came at last. She had to come at last. And she stood in the doorway and looked them over critically, as though they had been a couple of strange beasts from the jungle. Some ladies when they want to be proud and haughty use a lorgnette. Aunt Henrietta when she is truly in form lets hers drop, and you wish that she hadn't.

"I thought," came Aunt Henrietta's chill tones, "that you, young man, were in Quebec?"

"Yes. No," said Jeff.

Aunt Henrietta brought the twelve-inch battery to bear on Katherine.

"Who is this young person?" she inquired, although she knew as well as Jeff.

"She's the girl that—a— She's what we're here about," Jeff floundered.

"Hm-m-m," said Aunt Henrietta.

"You see," Katherine began, "you see, Jeff—"

Aunt Henrietta fixed her with a stare, much like a bug-collector fixes a specimen with a pin.

"I was not aware that you had been addressed, young lady," Aunt Henrietta remarked.

It had all been very trying for Jeff. You see, the blighter really had found out that he was dotty over this girl, and that always upsets a fellow's life. He forgot to be afraid of Aunt Henrietta.

"Look here," he said. "There's no cause for you to act like that. This girl is one of the very best. You've been pretty rotten to her and what we came here to do was to explain to you and to get an apology. And—"

The enormity of what he was saying suddenly occurred to him. Aunt Henrietta, for the first time in her life probably, was staring goggle-eyed with amazement at him.

"Jeff Burnside," she said. "Have you lost the few wits the Maker endowed you with?"

Unaccountably Jeff found that he was holding Katherine in his arms and that he was glaring over her head at Aunt Henrietta.

"No, he hasn't," he heard Katherine say. "He's just found them."

And then they heard a strange sound. Aunt Henrietta chuckled. And then she laughed. Laughed until she was breathless and had to sit in a chair and hold her sides.

"I see," she said at last, still chuckling. "I see."

She addressed herself to Katherine.

"Was it you who had the idea to come and see me?" she asked her.

"Y-y-yes," said Katherine.

"I thought so," said Aunt Henrietta. "You come along with me. I want to talk with you privately."

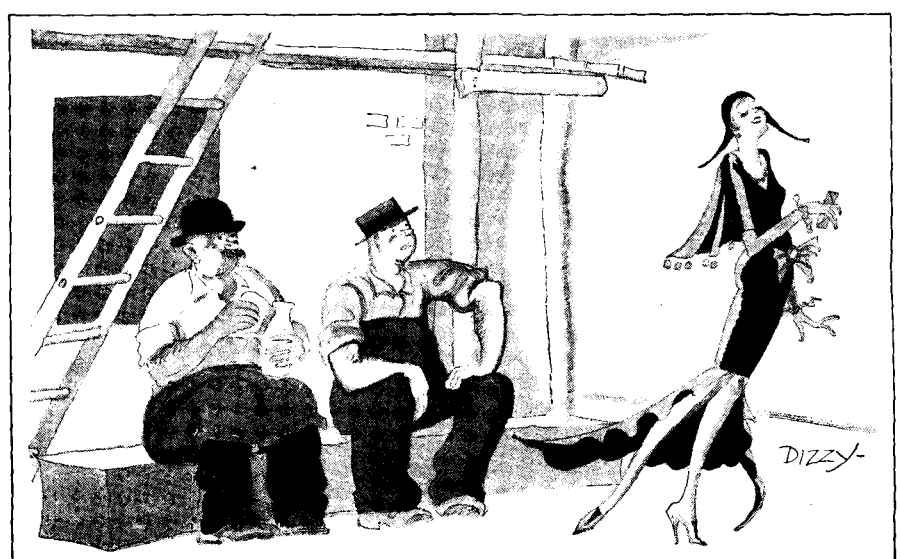
KATHERINE hesitated and looked at Jeff, but Aunt Henrietta stood at the door waiting, and she is one of the women you do not keep waiting.

"By the way," said Aunt Henrietta to Jeff, just before she went out, "are you in love with this girl?"

"Of course," said Jeff. "Who wouldn't be?"

"Who, indeed!" remarked Aunt Henrietta, cryptically, and closed the door softly behind her.

Which is how it all happened. Jeff doesn't know what they said or what they did, but before they got back it was all settled and Katherine and Aunt Henrietta are as thick as thieves now. But Jeff, poor Jeff, he's married and gone to work in the bank and he hasn't decided a thing for himself since he decided that they were going to Victoria on the honeymoon, because after all he had started to go there. And the poor lad thinks he's happy, although I can't for the life of me see why.



"Alf, I'm beginnin' t' think I don't understand th' fashions."

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Mothers in Danger

Continued from page 29

not making, as yet, as perfect use of aseptic methods as we should.

A glance at these three main causes of maternal mortality shows us clearly that the work to be done in the attempt to reduce the rate at which American mothers die in childbirth must be divided into two parts: The first part is the campaign to educate women themselves; to bring knowledge about themselves up to the point where they will seek medical advice and information. The second part is the crusade, we may call it, to improve the standards of care of women during, just before, and after labor.

Educational Agencies

It may seem that this part of the work should fall on the shoulders of the doctors alone, but it does not entirely. Many babies in this country are not delivered by doctors, and for years to come many will not be. The midwife is still a large factor in the obstetrical situation, and will continue to be, we must suppose, as long as we have a large, unassimilated foreign population, and as long as there are isolated country districts where doctors are not available. Incidentally, many a good word may be said for the midwife. If properly trained the midwife is a good obstetrical specialist. She does not care for other patients, and is therefore not likely to come in contact with infection and carry it to the mothers she cares for; she does not attempt operative interference, but transfers cases she cannot handle to the hospital; she does not make dangerous examinations late in pregnancy, and she is well acquainted with aseptic technique. The badly trained midwife is, of course, another story. But it is here that the responsibility of the mother and the family comes in. If they, too, know something of the necessary procedure in childbirth, they will prevent bad practices, both by the midwife and by the physician.

The attempt to educate the women of this country in the care of themselves during pregnancy has already been made by various agencies. Not only have the staffs of maternity hospitals been conducting prenatal clinics for years, but there are Maternity Centers in many cities; the County Health Organizations, where such exist, conduct prenatal clinics as a part of their work; and even the Federal Government, through its Child Welfare and Maternity Bills, has appropriated large sums for use in the states, for the purpose of prenatal care and education. For women who are out of reach of all of these agencies, and who have not been taught in school or at home that when they are pregnant they are to put themselves, immediately, in the charge of the doctor they wish to deliver their babies, there is still available the publication of the Children's Bureau at Washington, called "Standards of Prenatal Care," which can be obtained by anyone who will write for it and ask for leaflet No. 153.

With all this help and information available, it is surprising that there are still a great many women, among city dwellers and among the educated classes, who take no steps to have themselves examined or cared for until pregnancy is nearly at an end. It is these women who keep up the rate of mortality from the diseases of pregnancy, in spite of all efforts which are made to reduce it.

The improvement of the maternal death rate from infection also depends, in part, on the education of the women themselves. A large number of the deaths from septicæmia follow induced abortions, and many others follow operative interference during labor. In the first case it is essential that all women should believe that an abortion, whether induced by themselves, by the criminal abortionist, or by the physician who feels that the continuance of the pregnancy is unsafe for the mother, is a dangerous procedure. The self-induced abortion is the most dangerous; that induced by a practitioner outside the law comes next; and that done in a reputable hospital by a reputable physician is the safest, but by no means safe, as we can believe when we know the general reluctance of the practitioner to perform it.

We will not go into the technical reasons for this danger, except to suggest that all abortions constitute operative interference with pregnancy; the first under absolutely no antiseptic precautions, the second under questionable conditions generally, and the last under the best possible conditions—which are still not safe. Where infection follows operative interference *during* labor, the blame must sometimes be taken by the doctor, but must often be shared by the mother who insists on it, either because she is anxious to shorten the painful process of labor, or because she wants to accomplish some other end. Here again, the education of the mother should help eventually. It should be one of her maxims not only *not* to urge or insist on operative interference, but to oppose it unless it is, in the opinion of more than one physician, necessary for her own safety and for that of the child. It is considered short-sighted, nowadays, to operate on a pregnant woman to save the child, when at the same time the mother's life is risked.

The improvement of conditions and facilities for the care of women in labor is a task which must, primarily, be initiated by the doctors of the country. It includes the improvement of facilities such as hospitals, and the improvement in the training of midwives and of the doctors themselves, particularly of those who will eventually deliver the majority of babies in the country—the general practitioners. It is interesting to know that figures show that the delivery of a baby is as safe as the person who directs it is reliable.

What Publicity Should Do

If the publicity given to maternal mortality statistics in this country accomplishes no more than the following, it will not be in vain:

1. To make the women of the country determine to know something about the course of normal and abnormal pregnancy, and determine to do the right thing for themselves.

2. To interest the people in general in the technique of safe delivery to the point where they will say, "No deliveries by anybody, physician or midwife, without the wearing of sterile rubber gloves; no operative interference, where it can be avoided."

3. To make the physicians and medical bodies of the country determined that no person shall be allowed to practice obstetrics who has not been taught the importance of aseptic technique and non-interference, except where absolutely necessary.

4. To make the public at large realize that the responsibility is partly theirs, and that they can lend a helping hand in matters of legislation, and the pushing of local health movements for better hospitals and nursing facilities.

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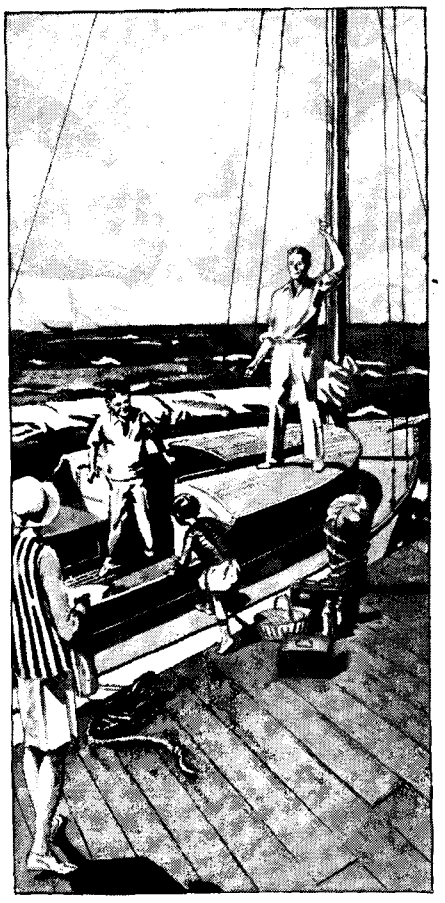

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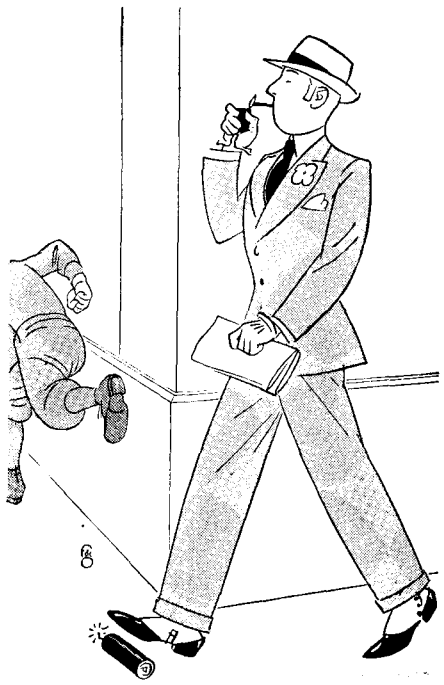

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Dreadnoughts at Bay

Continued from page 15

listed violently. Three minutes later the old Irresistible was also seen to be heeling over.

This time there could be no doubt that the blow had not been struck by the gunfire of the forts. Something else must have happened. What could it be? A moored mine? Certainly not, we have swept them all up. Perhaps a shoal of floating mines has been flung into the current and is even now drifting down upon all the vessels. Had not an airplane reported four small Turkish steamers waiting in the Narrows no doubt for this very purpose? Or was there something else, unknown, undreamed of, immeasurable? Were torpedoes being fired from some well-hidden or perhaps submerged station on the shore? Three ships had been smitten, not in rushing upon regular mine fields but while they were lying in presumably cleared waters; what could it be? Was there any reason why every other vessel should not share their fate?

"Too Much to Expect"

At any rate the facts combined with the mystery were sufficient for Admiral de Robeck. A little before five o'clock he broke off the action, recalled the mine-sweepers, ordered a general retirement and concentrated his efforts on saving the injured ships.

At this moment the Ocean, another old battleship, going to the aid of the Irresistible, ran on another mine and was abandoned by her crew before she sank. The rest of the day was spent in salvage, and the Inflexible—the only modern ship damaged—was safely beached at Tenedos Island. The Gaulois, injured by gunfire, was also beached. Three of the old battleships had gone to the bottom. But the loss of life was singularly small. Only the crew of the Bouvet had perished.

In fact in this memorable day's fighting the whole British fleet had only sixty-one men killed and wounded and the Turks had lost less than 150 men in their batteries and forts. The slaughter was less than often occurred in a single trench raid on the Western Front. The loss of the old ships in no way affected the balance of naval power. They could be replaced three or four times over from vessels unfit for use against the Germans. It is in the moral sphere that the damage had been done, and there it was fatal.

Admiral de Robeck was an officer of proved physical courage. His robust personality, his zeal for athletics, his imposing presence had rendered him popular with all ranks. The vigor he had shown in the attack on the outer forts had led to his appointment to the command of the Dardanelles fleet when Admiral Carden had been suddenly struck down by illness, a week before the main attack.

He was not, however, a man of exceptional force of intellect. He did not rank among the leading minds in the naval service. Above all, like so many pre-war admirals, he had not studied the art of war very deeply. How to navigate and maneuver a ship or a fleet, how to keep it in high efficiency and its officers and men in discipline and good spirits were the problems which had absorbed his energies. The larger issues of war in general or of the Great War itself were to a serious extent beyond his compass.

He had not ever received any training comparable to that of a general staff officer. He never revealed any of that capacity for seeing the whole vast problem of the war in its true proportion and for balancing effectively one set of risks against another. To him the care of ships was a sacred trust. The spectacle even of one of the oldest warships sinking in the sea was to him profoundly shocking. Even if the crew were all saved the loss of the ship affected him out of all proportion to its real value as a factor in the world struggle.

Admiral de Robeck had now sustained a profound and sinister impression. He quitted the Straits on the evening of the 18th of March never to enter them again. No use to send out more ships from home, no use to reorganize the mine-sweeping service, putting the well-trained crews of the sunken battleships on board the sweepers, and equipping an entire flotilla of destroyers with sweeping apparatus. Henceforth the Admiral had got it into his mind that the naval forcing of the Dardanelles was, if not impossible, a dire and desperate hazard and not a fair task for ships to be asked to attempt.

At first he concealed this conviction even from himself. He would renew the attack at the earliest opportunity. But the opportunity never came. Something always intervened. On May 10th, for instance, when under the vigorous pressure of his Chief of Staff, Roger Keyes, he offered to renew the naval attack, he so worded his telegram to the Admiralty as to invite a negative answer.

Rather than risk the fleet inside the Straits, he watched the army lose a hundred and twenty thousand men in desperate fighting on the Gallipoli Peninsula. For him henceforward the Straits of the Dardanelles were taboo. He did not reënter them; he did not allow the flotillas to sweep even the mines in Eren Keui Bay. He did not engage the forts with long-range artillery fire, he did not make any attempt with the fleet of the kind prescribed in his orders. He just sat down and watched, or fetched and carried the army to and fro, waiting there, a passive spectator month after month until finally the whole enterprise ended in a complete disaster.

And this same chain of events which at the Dardanelles paralyzed the will power of the Commander threw the central organism of the British Government into convulsions which ended in the destruction of the Administration and in delays and infirmities of purpose fatal to speedy victory. For from this time on Lord Fisher set his face like flint against any further naval attempt to force the passage and complacently in his mind transferred the whole burden to the army.

The Door Was Open!

So nothing more was ever done by the fleet and when efforts were made by me to force action upon Admiral de Robeck, they were met with insurmountable opposition. As I pressed harder and harder, the tension grew until finally the aged First Sea Lord broke down under the strain, resigned his office and dragged me and Mr. Asquith's Liberal Government down with him. There was no war direction, no naval command strong enough at the summit to set matters back again in their proper proportion. It was accepted as fundamental, as definitely established by disastrous experiments, that the Straits of the Dardanelles were impregnable to naval force.

And yet all this time so great was the prize, so increasingly was its value realized that desperate efforts were made by the army with enormous expenditure of life and treasure to storm the Gallipoli Peninsula and open the door to the fleet. The British and Turkish armies lay in deadly grapple for six months. A long, fierce, difficult campaign dragged on throughout the year. The British, with gallant French assistance, broke the heart and sapped the strength of the Turkish army. The victories of Allenby in Palestine, the ultimate collapse of Turkey, resulted from these devastating battles on a few square miles of rocky ground at Gallipoli. But for all the heroism, all the sufferings and all the slaughter, the door of the Straits was never opened.

And yet if the navy had tried again they would have found that the door was open. Their improved sweeping forces could have concentrated upon clearing the few remaining mines out of Eren Keui Bay. All their losses were made good. The battle of March 18th could have been resumed a month later in overwhelmingly favorable conditions; and had it been resumed it would in a few hours have become apparent that it could have only one ending.

We knew at the time from secret sources, the credit of which was unquestionable, that the Turkish army was short of ammunition. We now know what we could have so easily found out then, that for the heavy guns which alone could injure the armored ships, they had not twenty rounds apiece. Not until Bulgaria joined the Central Powers could a single heavy shell be brought from Germany to Turkey.

Almost Defenseless

We know now what most certainly could have been ascertained through any attempt at sweeping—that there were no more mines. Not a dozen mines, floating or moored, remained in Constantinople and, as with the shells, no mine could reach the scene for six long months.

The German official account written by the staff officer of Liman von Sanders, the German Commander in Chief of the Turks, says: "Most of the Turkish ammunition had been expended. The medium howitzers and mine field batteries had fired half their supplies. For the five 35.5 c. m. (14-inch) guns there were only 271 rounds, say 50 each; for the eleven 23 c. m. (9.2-inch) between 30 and 50 per gun. . . . Particularly serious was the fact that the long-range H. E. shells, which alone were effective against armor, were nearly entirely used up. Fort Hamidieh had only seventeen of them; Kilid Bahr but ten. Also there was no reserve of mines. What then was to happen if the battle was resumed on the 19th and following days with undiminished violence?"

The British official military historian says: "On the evening of March 18th the Turkish Command at the Dardanelles was weighed down by a premonition of fate. More than half the ammunition had been expended and it could not be replaced. . . . It is important to realize that had Constantinople been abandoned, the Turks would have been unable to continue the war. Their only arms and ammunition factories were at the capital and would have been destroyed by the fleet, and the supply of material from Germany would have been impossible. . . .

"Their inadequate means of fire control had been seriously interrupted. The Turkish gun crews were demoralized and even the German officers present had apparently little hope of successful

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resistance if the fleet attacked next day."

Says the Turkish official account: "In the attainment of such an important objective, disregarding comparatively small losses, the enemy should have repeated his attack with great force, and in all probability he would have succeeded in forcing the Straits by sea. . . . In Fort Hamidieh there was but five to ten rounds left and the batteries on the European side were equally low."

Enver Pasha, the soul of the Turkish resistance, has recorded a similar opinion.

On the whole, few episodes of war are more astonishing than this spectacle of the British fleet struck by catalepsy through all this lurid summer, while the army poured out its blood in shocking struggles under their eyes, when at any moment any resolute testing of the Turkish forts and mine fields must have revealed the fact that their power to stop the advance of armored ships was gone. It was the greatest bluff in history and no one appeared to have the power to call it.

What Then?

Every allowance must be made by historians for the limited knowledge possessed at the time by the actors and leaders in the story. It seems easy enough, now that we know the forts were almost out of ammunition, that there were no torpedo tubes of the slightest consequence, and that no mines swept up could ever be replaced, to condemn the Admiral for not having another try or the Admiralty behind him for not ordering him or some other to do so. But in war most things turn not upon the effects upon men's bodies, but on the effects on their minds.

The deadly weight of settled conviction marshaled itself against renewal of the naval attack. When the Admiralty willed it, Admiral de Robeck would not. When the Admiral was willing, the Admiralty were not, and nothing of any kind happened so far as the British fleet was concerned. The action of the navy from the 18th of March onward till the final evacuation of the Gallipoli Peninsula at the end of November in all the business of transport, in rowing the troops ashore under fire, in supporting them with their guns, will be much admired for its efficiency. But as a factor in the general war, as a contribution toward the supreme decision, capable of abridging the period of slaughter, capable of gaining dazzling results resounding through the ages, the navy had ceased to play its part.

One of my worst difficulties in trying to force a renewal of the naval attack was the limitless field of disputation which always opened upon what would happen if the fleet got through. Whenever objections to attempting the passage wore thin, when stubborn opponents admitted that a substantial part of the attacking fleet would in all probability enter the Sea of Marmora, I was always confronted with the further question—what will happen to them when they get through?

They would, it was said, be powerless; the Turks would take no notice of them; they would be cut off. No supplies of food or ammunition could reach them. After a few weeks they would have to come back, running again the gauntlet of the terrible forts. Perhaps a quarter, it was argued, of the battleships making the attempt might eventually escape from a mad and futile adventure.

Against this I always contended that the passage of the Straits by any powerful body of British warships would be decisive upon the Turkish Government. They would not remain in Constantinople but would retire to Asia. Secondly, I declared that no large Turkish army could remain on the Gallipoli Peninsula if hostile warships commanded the Bulair Isthmus from both sides. No supplies of food or ammunition could reach them except what was carried in small boats across the Straits. No more ammunition could reach the forts at the Narrows, and no more mines could be laid to close the passage.

The flight of the Turkish Government and the retreat or surrender of all the Turkish troops on the Gallipoli Peninsula would follow within a time shorter than that measured by the life of the fleet.

But all this was mere assertion. It could be met by counter-assertion, and I never had the power to give the orders which would have put matters to the proof. Now, however, we know from the lips of the enemy exactly what their action would have been.

"If the Straits had fallen," so Liman von Sanders declares, "the Turkish military forces would have retired across the Bosporus into Asia Minor."

The American Ambassador to Turkey, Mr. Morgenthau, has described the situation in the capital during the naval attack of March 18th. The Sultan, the government and the government offices were all packed up ready to cross into Asia Minor. The moment that the British ships were reported to be passing the Narrows the complete exodus was to be made. Panic convulsed the city! The withdrawal of the government would have been followed by revolution in Constantinople and the immediate surrender of the city to the British fleet.

Let us see how the course of the Great War would have been changed if the events indicated by the foregoing quotations, from unchallengeable authorities, had taken place. Greece would have joined the Allies, King Constantine and Venizelos acting in the closest accord. Bulgaria, instead of striking down Serbia in fratricidal strife, might well have marched on Constantinople. Indeed, the race between the Greek and the Bulgarian armies for that prize would have been a new complication.

Roumania would certainly have entered the war upon our side at this juncture and, instead of being destroyed in isolated action eighteen months later, would have completed a solid Balkan league disposing of nearly two million soldiers. It seems difficult to believe that in these circumstances the World War would have been prolonged beyond the winter of 1915.

Six Million Men

Even if, however, the resistance of the Central Empires had been continued throughout 1916, the direct contact established through the Black Sea with Russia would have secured her those supplies of munitions, for lack of which her armies were beaten to fragments. Freed from her isolation, her magazines replenished, her people encouraged by successful war and the long dreams of possession of Constantinople, Russia might have passed through victory to some form of liberal government, instead of sliding through defeat into Bolshevism.

It is not possible to measure the amount of human misery which would have been spared to Europe. The battlefields of France and Flanders, Poland and Galicia, the Balkans, Palestine and Syria, and of northern Italy bear the bones of six or seven million soldiers of every nation, whose bodies were destroyed not as it appeared by the shells or bullets of the foes they faced, but whose lives were shorn away with unerring certitude by the twenty iron pots, which on the morning of March 18th were straining at their moorings in the swift current of the Dardanelles!

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Jail for the Other Fellow

IF ANYTHING else were needed to expose the shocking hypocrisy of our national attitude toward prohibition, the recent decision of the Supreme Court holding that the buyer of liquor commits no crime would turn the trick.

Not that the Supreme Court rendered a bad or even an unexpected decision. On the contrary, the high judges unanimously said what should have been perfectly obvious to anyone. Congress provided penalties for sellers of liquor but not for buyers. The court merely followed Congress and the letter of the law.

So we have it decided on the very highest authority that it is no crime to buy liquor. Think of the inevitable consequences of such an announcement.

Widespread as drinking has been, there will be more because of this decision.

Many timid people have been afraid to patronize bootleggers lest the purchase be construed a crime.

The Supreme Court has brushed away these fears. It has stiffened the backbones of those who were inclined to buy but just a little fearful of the possible penalties.

All such, and they are numerous, in effect have been told to go ahead and get what they want if they can.

But what an extraordinary situation this is. In almost every other offense the accessory to the crime shares legally the guilt of the principal actor. Not so with prohibition. A man who sells alcoholic beverages may be sent to the penitentiary for five years but the other party to the transaction is innocent.

This is good law but abominable morals. The situation of the scrupulous person who cares about the consequences of his acts is intolerable.

He is informed that he may buy forbidden beverages without violating the law. Yet he knows that he cannot buy without exposing the seller to the penalties of a very drastic law.

He knows, also, that he can buy only because the bootlegger has first bribed and corrupted some agent employed by the government to prevent the traffic in alcohol. A scrupulous man does not like the thought of contributing to bribery even though the Supreme Court has told him that he is legally quite innocent.

A law which makes a criminal of the seller and keeps the buyer innocent is an immoral law. It is a breeder of immorality and crime.

During the months to come a great increase in the lawless traffic in alcohol may be expected. The words of the Supreme Court will supply the courage which many potential buyers previously lacked. The corruption and the crime inseparably associated with a secret and illegal industry also may reasonably be expected to increase.

Don't blame the Supreme Court for this. The judges did no more than interpret the law which Congress wrote and Presidents Harding and Coolidge, both popular men, approved.

No more is Congress to be blamed. It is true Congress did pass, and successive Presidents did approve, laws which inherently produce immoral consequences, but both Congress and the Presidents gave us what they thought we wanted.

The desirability of making the buyer and the seller of forbidden drink equally guilty was not overlooked. The question was raised. The Anti-Saloon League said that penalties should be provided against the seller but not against the buyer. Congress and the Presidents were content to accept this view as the will of the people.

Maybe it was at the time the statutes were written. That state of mind is rapidly changing. The American people have never long approved any law which inevitably fostered corruption.

The decision of the Supreme Court will help to clarify the atmosphere. Buying will increase and further corrupt nullification of the law will be stimulated.

Obviously this cannot continue. Either the prohibition laws must be broadened to include buyers as well as sellers and sufficient force must be applied to secure enforcement, willing or unwilling, or else the law must be revised.

So far neither public opinion nor Congress has been willing to exert that ultimate force requisite to compel observance of the law.

On the contrary, enforcement has steadily deteriorated. Today we have a secret illegal traffic national in its ramifications which has grown up to meet the demands of legally "innocent" buyers. The time has passed at which this tide could have been turned. The Supreme Court has written "The End" to that hope.

The reasonable course is to undertake another experiment in practicable ways of preventing the misuse of alcoholic beverages. Perhaps we shall find, as Canada has found, that what cannot be utterly prohibited can be reasonably controlled.

Cartoon by D. R. Fitzpatrick

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